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A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

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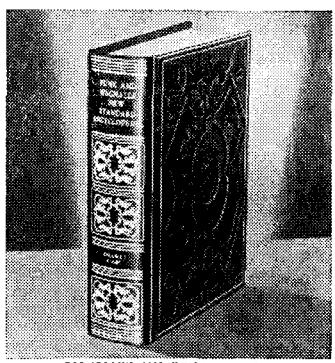

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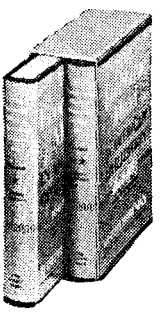

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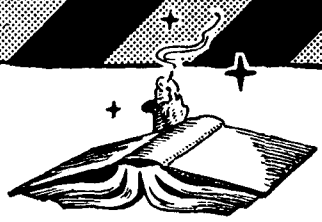

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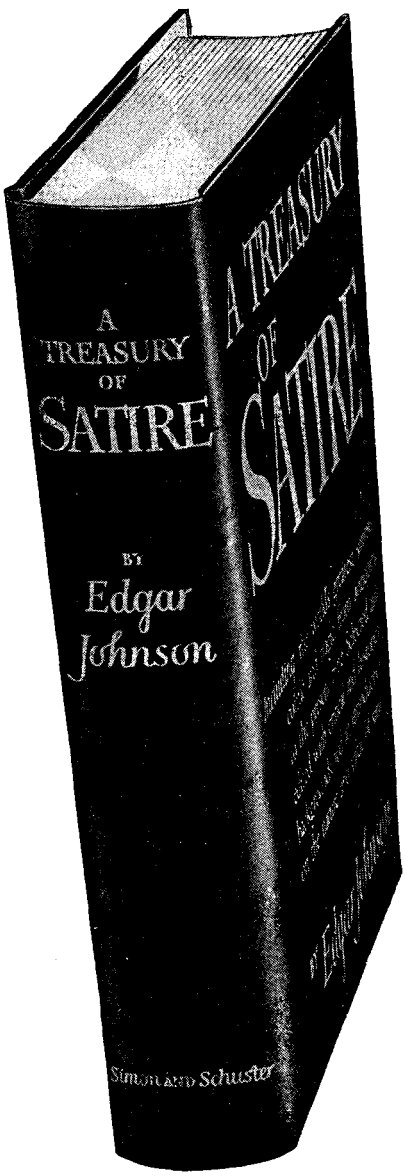

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THE controversy still rages over the course which the American people should take in view of the release of atomic energy. Some of us believe that the one hope for world peace lies in our exercising every iota of our national influence in making the United Nations Organization succeed. Others vehemently assert that, notwithstanding the agreements reached at San Francisco, the United Nations Charter must be amended even before it has had time to function.

The most clamorous outcry of all comes from those who demand that the United Nations Organization should immediately be thrown upon the junk heap of discarded experiments in international organization, and be replaced with a world government. The type of world government generally sponsored by those who favor the scrapping of the United Nations Organization is some form of federal government responsive to a parliament elected by the peoples of all nations.

It would be well if the proponents of this program for immediate world government limited their side of the debate to a discussion of the practical possibilities of establishing such a world government rather than to the effort to undermine popular confidence in the efficacy of the United Nations Organization.

No one can quarrel with the ideal of the "parliament of man." The danger is that, if popular attention in the United States is fixed solely upon that ideal, public opinion will be inclined to lose sight of certain stark realities in the present-day world. Even the most fervent evangelists of world government must admit that no

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world government can be successfully established unless the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the United States jointly participate in its creation.

In Great Britain leaders in both the Labor and Conservative Parties have expressed the hope that the new international organization may eventually more closely approximate a world government than an alliance of states, each insistent upon the retention of its undiminished sovereignty. There is no indication available, however, that the British Government has any illusions that such an ideal can be realized within the near future.

The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is as always far more precise. Its voice is trenchant. The reaction of the Soviet Union to world government is a blunt "no." The official Soviet press has made it unmistakably clear that the Soviet Government will resolutely oppose any form of international organization other than that agreed upon at San Francisco. In particular, it opposes any project for world government.

And how about the United States of America? Have the supporters of the project for world government any reason to believe that a majority of the American people would be willing, with world conditions what they are at present, to subordinate the control of American self-defense and of American foreign policy to the parliament of a world government? Can they conceive of the United States Senate now ratifying an international agreement through which the United States would abandon its sovereignty? Are they aware of the fact that the United States Senate would not have ratified the present Charter of the United Nations Organization unless that Charter had provided a veto right for the major powers?

Have the proponents of world government any proof that the peoples of the smaller nations would at this juncture subordinate their individual rights as independent peoples to a world government?

The problem which humanity confronts is not going to be solved by any academic debate with respect to the theoretical superiority of a world government over the United Nations Organization. For there is today not the faintest hope of securing the

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agreement of the two most powerful nations of the earth, let alone that of the forty-nine other members of the United Nations, to participate in any kind of world government.

But we have the United Nations Organization. Fifty-one nations have joined it. It affords the one practical chance we possess to secure world peace, human freedom, and a decent international order. If the people of the United States do not give it their unflinching and untiring support, it will probably not succeed. In our own interest we must make it succeed. If it does succeed, we will later possess every opportunity to bring about its gradual perfection, and, as the years pass, to make of it an organization which more nearly approaches the ideal which the adherents of world government now urge upon us.

Sumner Welles

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In Memory of

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

1869–1946

Scholar, Gentleman, Citizen

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★ ★

The American Scholar Forum

LIFE WITH THE ATOM

Science and Secrecy	Louis N. Ridenour
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The Reality of Utopia	Erich Kahler

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Sonnet

To Lise Meitner

Irene Orgel

She is the one who saw a world dissolve
(Folk are as scattered leaves before a storm,
Seeds shuffle and the nations intermix),
And being such a one, equipped to solve
The riddle, find the answer, grasp the form,
Perhaps the path of wandering planets fix,
What has she seen? The embryonic brain
Looks up bewildered at the egg-blue sky,
And prays the hour of birth is not yet nigh,
Or wishes it were unconceived again.
What has she seen? And can she ever tell
(We call on men of science to explain) —
Whether the cracking of the fragile shell
Will free us into heaven or to hell?

● Born in England, IRENE ORGEL came to the United States in 1939. She is now doing graduate work in the field of comparative literature at Columbia University. A poem "Elegy" appeared in the Winter issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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Science and Secrecy

Louis N. Ridenour

UNLIKE most other people, physicists were not fundamentally astonished by the atomic bomb. Those who worked on it were not surprised, for they had seen the slow but definite progress of the work; many of them had seen the great explosion, the unendurable flash, of the test shot at Alamogordo in July. Other physicists, not in the project, noted the ever-increasing number of their friends and colleagues who disappeared into the Army-imposed vagueness which was a certain clue to their connection with the atomic bomb. Such large effort would presumably only be put into the bomb project if success were likely, for physicists remembered the difficulty with which they had finally managed to interest lay government officials and military men in the awesome possibility of a bomb which drew its energy directly from the source that heats the sun.

Efforts to elicit such interest were first made early in 1939. Since 1905, when Einstein formulated his famous equation giving the equivalence of mass and energy, physicists had been aware that all matter was an immense store of energy. In 1919 Rutherford was able to release this energy in tiny, imperceptible amounts, by atomic disintegrations produced painfully, atom by atom, in bombardment of the lightest elements by alpha particles emitted by radioactive substances. In 1932, the first true "artificial" disintegration, produced by accelerating charged atoms and causing these to bombard a target, was produced by Cockcroft and Walton. Here again the disintegrations were rare; of ten million particles striking a target, one might produce an

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atomic transmutation which liberated energy. The efficiency of energy production was absurdly low; kilowatts were spent to get a millionth of a watt of atomic energy.

Efficiency was low largely because the charged particles — atoms stripped of one or more of their electrons — then used as projectiles, frittered away most of their energy in knocking electrons out of atoms of the target. Occasionally, one would make a collision with the atomic nucleus of one of the target atoms; but even then the immense electrical repulsion between the projectile nucleus and the target made disintegration highly unlikely. But in the early thirties there was discovered a particle called the neutron. A constituent of atomic nuclei, the neutron has no electrical charge whatever. In consequence, it spends no energy in knocking electrons from the target atoms through which it passes. It interacts with nothing but the nucleus of the atom, and in such an interaction there is no electrical force of repulsion between the neutron and the target, for the neutron is not electrically charged. Neutrons are highly efficient in producing nuclear disintegration.

But atomic power was not yet at hand, for neutrons do not occur free in nature; they are always bound tightly into atomic nuclei. To be sure, they can be knocked from nuclei by bombardment with charged particles, but this brings us back to the overwhelming inefficiency of the artificial disintegration of Cockcroft and Walton. Finally, at the turn of the year 1938–1939, there was discovered the process called nuclear fission. A neutron strikes the nucleus of an atom of uranium, or thorium, and is absorbed. A very brief instant later, the unstable and highly excited nucleus thus produced splits into two more or less equal parts, with the liberation of an immense amount of energy — and *with the further liberation of neutrons*. Here we have for the first time a process in which particles of the very type necessary to produce the reaction in the first place are emitted in the course of an energetic nuclear disintegration.

Physicists were not long in observing that this gave the first possibility of a self-sustaining nuclear reaction — what is called a chain reaction. Such a reaction, depending on conditions, could

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be either a controlled and well-behaved liberation of usable energy, or an explosion of unimaginable violence. It is said that Fermi, the pioneer worker in the field of neutron-produced nuclear disintegrations, set about calculating the radius of the crater which would be produced by an atomic explosion on the very day he learned of the discovery of nuclear fission in January, 1939.

However apocryphal this may be, it is certain that the first attempt to interest the armed forces in the possibility of an atomic bomb was made by Fermi. In March, 1939, he got Dean Pegram of Columbia to arrange for him an interview at the Navy Department. Professor H. D. Smyth, official historian of the bomb project, says in his *Nuclear Energy* report: "The only outcome of this conference was that the Navy expressed interest and asked to be kept informed" — the usual euphemism for the brush-off. Not until the scientists found a man who could make an appointment with the eclectic and imaginative Roosevelt were official encouragement and support forthcoming.

Consequent on the appointment by President Roosevelt of an "Advisory Committee on Uranium" in the fall of 1939, the Army and Navy transferred $6000 to the project in early 1940. The history of the following steps has been well told by Smyth in his report on the project; and everybody knows that the ultimate cost of the project was two billion dollars. It is interesting to note the slow growth of the project: by November, 1941, the total expenditure authorized was only some $300,000.

During this period from the beginning of 1939 to the end of 1941, the behavior of scientists contrasts markedly with that of the Army and Navy. While the attitude of the armed forces toward the project was characterized at best by caution, usually by lassitude, and at worst by active opposition, the scientists voluntarily gave up, in behalf of the project, that which they held most precious: freedom of publication.

A small group of foreign-born physicists, to whom war was more familiar than it had yet become to our home-bred men, undertook early in 1939 a voluntary effort to restrict scientific publication in the field of nuclear fission. This may sound simple — even inconsequential — to the non-scientific reader. But it

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must be remembered that publication is the strength and the glory and the means of progress of science as we know it today. The scientist seeks neither patents nor riches; his aim is only to understand the operation of nature, and to share this understanding with others through the means of publication. Yet this little group of scientists, realizing the ultimate importance of nuclear fission to the war which they could even then foresee, willingly crippled their science for the greater good. This was done at the same time that their representative, Fermi, failed to interest the Navy.

The voluntary censorship on nuclear fission became complete by the spring of 1940. When the Army took over the direction of the project, in mid-1942, it also took over the direction of the secrecy measures. Just as the military had at first failed to understand the potentialities of the atomic bomb, the military has consistently and with the most determined obtuseness failed to understand the uses and the requirements of secrecy with regard to scientific matters. The voluntary censorship of physicists was directed toward insuring that their scientific colleagues in Germany and in Japan did not appreciate, for example, the importance of plutonium as a fissionable material. On the other hand, censorship imposed by the Army has taken the form of insuring that no casual reference to an atom is made, even in a comic strip. It is literally true that the Manhattan District of the Army Engineers spent some of its two billion dollars suppressing a proposed sequence of Superman cartoons, in which the hero was to have been subjected to bombardment by three-million-volt electrons accelerated by a cyclotron (though a cyclotron cannot accelerate electrons, and all this has no possible bearing on the bomb project). Far from being ashamed of its ludicrous performance, the Army has been at some pains, in magazine stories that have appeared since the explosion over Hiroshima, to tell of its achievement in keeping "the secret of the atomic bomb."

The same scientists who willingly and with patriotism toward their adopted country gave up their freedom of publication six months before the military was coerced by its Commander-in-Chief into taking an interest in the atomic bomb project, were

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later forced by Army security officials to take assumed names. They were followed by bodyguards and observers who made sure that they did and said nothing out of line; they were denied admission to the works if they happened to forget the identity card carrying their current alias.

All this would be a joke to be forgotten if the atomic bomb had been a failure. But it was an entirely unqualified success. In ways which will be discussed by the other contributors to this Forum, it has changed the shape of all our lives. It holds some promise of being, at last, the instrument which will cause nations to renounce war as a means of adjusting differences. The overwhelming importance of man's conquest of the energy of the atomic nucleus has entirely transformed lay thinking regarding science.

It has transformed this thinking in what is, to scientists, a highly unsatisfactory and dangerous way. The same men who were impatient with the "long hairs" a few years ago are now convinced that science is a potent force. They have seen the effects of this force with their own eyes, or in the pictures; they have seen the rubble and the dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And, confusing the weapon with its wielder, they are beginning to hate and to fear science. They feel that science is a weapon (which it can become if the necessity for war presents itself) and that scientists are somehow war-mongers. In the depths of their misunderstanding, such men have cut up with torches the cyclotrons of Japan — instruments which, whatever their location, can be devoted only to the increase of knowledge — and dumped the tragic fragments into the Bay of Tokyo.

The keystone of the scientists' creed is that it is good to learn, it is evil to suppress knowledge. The freedom of scientific publication, and the rest of the content of the "freedom of science," derive from this profound and basic belief. The scientist was willing to forego freedom of publication of scientific results during a war which threatened the life of his country; but he is not convinced that there can be positive virtue in secrecy in a time of peace. He is certainly impatient with the sometimes-stated idea that scientific progress has outstripped man's ability to assimilate technical advance, so that physical science must be stopped to enable the social sciences to catch up.

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As a reasonable man, the scientist regards secrecy concerning the facts of nature as a measure that cannot be eternally effective. He may agree that it has virtue in a war, where a short time-difference in the attainment of an important result by the antagonists may be decisive. Some men make the argument that there is harm, rather than value, in concealing science even in the midst of a war; that scientific knowledge lends itself rather to the security of achievement than to the security of concealment. If one has enemies, the way to keep ahead of them is not to handicap oneself by emphasis on security; it is to have more and better-informed men working harder on the basis of more thoroughly diffused technical and scientific information. I have made this argument, and I should be ready to defend it.

At the present moment, we, the Canadians and the British are the only nations possessed of fairly full knowledge necessary to the manufacture of atomic bombs. Our nation is the only one which has a plant for bomb manufacture currently in use. Thanks to the wisdom of our government, we are presently seeking an international agreement for the control of atomic weapons. But, thanks to our nationalistic apprehensions, we are, even as this is written, making more atomic bombs and storing them up. If international arrangements are delayed, who shall say how many bombs we have made? Today, there is an uncertainty of perhaps ten bombs in our total output — we could deceive the international inspectors to that extent, and store up the difference. If we continue for a year without an agreement, during which year our nation goes on making bombs, there will be an uncertainty of perhaps a hundred bombs, which our country could hold secretly against the evil day of international distrust and eventual war. The vigor with which we must seek to conclude a sensible arrangement for international control of atomic weapons is measured by our storage of finished bombs.

Meanwhile, the hysterical preoccupation with secrecy alarms and dismays the physicist. The official bill, introduced into Congress last fall at the instance of the War Department, for the domestic control of atomic energy, contained such vicious measures for secrecy that all men — not merely scientists — rose in

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outrage to insure its defeat. This bill, which made it illegal to own a gas mantle which had not been licenced by the proposed Atomic Energy Commission, actually provided for a retroactive burning of the books. It permitted and authorized agents of the Commission to come to my house, take my back numbers of the *Physical Review* off the shelves, and destroy them. It is scarcely possible to imagine how one could go farther in attempting to destroy the means of scholarship, and to a smaller end.

In the minds of men who appreciate that a knowledge of the facts of nature cannot constitute a durable secret, and that there is no virtue in keeping an advantage over another country a little longer in time of peace, such an emphasis on secrecy can only make sense as the determination of our government to attack Russia at the first opportunity. Possibly it is viewed thus by the Russians, who are thoroughgoing realists. Yet the actions of our leaders lend no color to this assumption; they have been honestly trying to develop wise means of peaceful international control. We can only suppose that they do not understand the nature of science and the issues involved, just as in 1939 the Navy did not understand the possibilities offered by the atomic bomb.

Encouragement of an atomic armaments race is the one thing which all sane men feel must be avoided. We must be careful not to encourage other countries in the belief that their safety lies only in that direction. If the "secret of the atomic bomb" were really something we could keep, this would scarcely matter. But we are dealing here with exact knowledge of the constitution of our world, knowledge which can be won by anyone who will ask the proper questions of nature by experiment and careful thought. We cannot keep this secret long, and efforts to do so can lead only to a suspicion of our motives.

Doubtless a solution of the problem of the relation between nations will bring scientific freedom in its train; and a failure to solve the problem will kill us all. The scientist who remembers how things used to be, however, regrets the world's forsaking of the principle that knowledge enriches life. His mind and his emotions hold that to know is good, to refuse to know depraved. He fears a world in which this is no longer true.

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The Liberal of 1946

Gerald W. Johnson

SO MANY of our ideas and attitudes have been vaporized by the atomic bomb that an inventory of what is left has assumed a high priority rating. Not houses and factories only, but concepts and convictions as well, have gone where Hiroshima went; and until an adequate reappraisal is made we shall not know where we stand, politically and psychologically as well as physically.

Consider for example liberalism. Never say that it is unaffected. If liberalism, as liberals like to believe, is simply willingness to adapt one's attitudes to changing realities, it follows that one must know the realities to effect the adaptation. And who is reckless enough to claim that he knows the realities of our present situation?

Behind the atomic bomb looms the shadow of the atomic engine. This is the element of uncertainty that invalidates all our political thinking. The engine will come. It may come soon, or it may be delayed for many years, but come it will and its arrival probably will alter our civilization even more radically than it was altered by the arrival of the steam engine. What was liberalism in an economy based on handicrafts, became rank reaction in the age of steam power. What is liberalism now undoubtedly will be hopelessly inadequate in the age of atomic power.

For the moment the lines of our thinking are hopelessly snarled. Liberals and conservatives are so utterly confused that one finds members of the National Association of Manufacturers ad-

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vocating radical legislation for the control of atomic power, and members of the Socialist party veering toward the former position of the isolationists. Nobody knows where he stands for the simple reason that nobody knows the realities of the situation. Nobody knows which way is forward and which is backward. We have been spun in the vortex of the atomic bomb until our sense of direction is lost and, to paraphrase Jefferson, we are all liberals, we are all conservatives.

Yet a political philosophy that can be destroyed by any form of high explosive is not, to put it mildly, impressively strong. What has been destroyed is not in fact liberalism, but the program of liberalism. Equality of opportunity remains as desirable in this new year as it ever was; the difficulty is to determine what is equality — indeed, what is opportunity. The prospect of the development of atomic power threatens the validity of all our thinking along this line.

To identify a liberal in 1946, therefore, one must rely less than ever upon his political and economic program and more than ever upon his basic attitude. The touchstone of liberalism today is not advocacy of any specific legislation, or even of any specific idea, but simple equanimity. The genuine, dyed-in-the-wool liberal is interested, but unterrified by recent developments. The atomic bomb to him is simply another weapon, unlikely to affect the central issues of war and peace any more than they were affected by gunpowder. Even the far more terrible spectre of the atomic engine leaves him unshaken. The atomic engine will not destroy Hiroshima, but it might do what conservatives regard as an infinitely worse thing — it might vaporize a large part of Wall Street, which no war hitherto has been able to touch.

Production of nearly unlimited power at nominal cost would make wastepaper of the stocks, bonds and other evidences of indebtedness of every public utility, possibly of every oil company and coal mining company, conceivably of every railroad. A very large proportion of the wealth of the country might be suddenly and violently displaced — not destroyed, but removed from one segment of the population to another, which means, of course, its destruction as far as the losing segment is concerned. The

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effect upon insurance companies, savings banks and endowed institutions might be catastrophic.

It is not to be expected that the entire possessing class would be displaced, for the blow would fall upon primary power producers. Manufacturers in general would be put to the trouble of making some hasty revisions of their cost-accounting systems, and the whole price structure would be affected, but there is no apparent reason to expect demolition of the entire capitalistic system, even were the atomic engine perfected tomorrow. There would, however, be a terrific upheaval, accompanied by vast transfers of wealth.

It is the nature of conservatives to hold such disturbances in horror, for the conservative always believes the danger of losing what we have is greater than the danger of losing an opportunity to secure something better. To the liberal, however, the disturbance is not of great importance provided it opens the way to an improvement. Atomic fission seems to open the way to such improvement in the conditions of life as the race has never known. It also opens the way to sudden, violent death, but what of that? So did steam; so did electricity. Yet we have made use of them, in spite of their dangers.

Find a man in 1946 who is interested, aware of perils ahead and therefore alert, but who is convinced that the opportunity is greater than the danger, and you will find a liberal. His ideas of what to do next may be all wrong. He may indeed be advocating something that looks like a step backward. Nevertheless, if he inclines to confidence rather than to depression; if, while not ignoring the possibility of the destruction of civilization, he is much more fascinated by the possibility of its reformation — he is essentially a liberal.

That test will be productive of many surprises. Some who went down the line with Franklin D. Roosevelt from '32 to '44, cannot take it; and some who denounced him and everything he stood for may pass serenely. For being a liberal in 1946 calls for resolution in the face of a new danger which the world has not had to consider seriously heretofore. It is the danger of idleness, against which the race has been warned from time immemorial. The

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conviction that it is not good for a man to earn his living by working only a few hours a day is based less on any political philosophy than on a tradition that runs back countless generations; therefore it is exceedingly difficult to uproot.

In fact the evidence against it is as yet far from impressive. Hitherto the people who have lived without labor have done so because others were overworked; and idleness obtained by unfair advantage has not been productive of an admirable type of humanity. To date the man who has had to work least in order to live well has been the American; and our national traits are hardly so conspicuously noble that they furnish incontrovertible evidence of the desirability of leisure.

However, the true liberal is not daunted. Even in America the twelve-hour day existed in the steel industry within the memory of living men, and the forty-hour week is still a bone of contention. We have never tried giving the masses any considerable amount of leisure; our conviction that it would be a bad thing is purely hypothetical. Nevertheless, it is strong; and only the man whose confidence in the possibility of improving humanity is extremely firmly based, can overcome it.

But the possibility of controlling atomic energy brings the question sharply to the foreground of our thinking. It is idle to try to blink it. The possibility exists that our triumph over nature might lead to our moral ruin, for a slave population suddenly released with no preparation for liberty is a fearful thing. The experience of the American southern states right after the Civil War is sufficient evidence. The experience of Russia after 1917 corroborates it. The sudden release of atomic energy, not in explosive, but merely in propulsive force, might make those incidents seem mere child's play by comparison.

This is a possibility that sane liberalism must take into account; yet its effect need not be paralyzing. On the contrary, it should be energizing, for the obvious protective measure against it is one with which liberalism is familiar; it is the goal of all true liberalism throughout history, the far-away but existent goal of the democratization of culture.

The Russian experience furnishes a guide of sorts. The blood-

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letting in Russia following the Revolution of 1917 was so copious that we find it hard to think of anything but the immensity of the red tide, and we forget the immensity of Russia itself. The most extravagant estimate of the butchery after the fall of czarism runs much below ten per cent of the total population. In view of the sudden release of a slave population the wonder is that it did not run to a third or more. It is reasonable to assume that it stopped where it did because of the diversion of energy into a tremendous effort at the democratization of culture. Say what you will of the Communists, they did pour into the darkened minds of the Russian people a flood of light. For one item, they taught something like a hundred millions to read in a space of time so short that, as the history of nations goes, it might almost be called overnight. Mastery of the colossal masses of information suddenly flung at them absorbed energies that might easily have been turned to rioting and bloodshed.

Surely, it is not an extravagant hope to hold that American ingenuity could adapt and improve upon the Russian method, if it set to work in a serious way to do so. To raise the bulk of the American people to an intellectual level still far below that of the membership of Plato's Academy would be a task so gigantic that it might easily absorb all the human energy released by the control of atomic power. If that task were seriously undertaken by our people — as seriously as the Russian masses undertook their task after 1917 — the bogy of the evil of idleness would be exorcised in an instant.

But are we preparing our minds to undertake any such task? There is little indication that we are doing so. Our utmost effort at the moment seems to be devoted to preparing some sort of paper defense against misuse of the atomic bomb — Big Three agreements, United Nations Organization trusteeships, even the folly of trying to keep the "secret" which is not and never was a secret except in certain technological details which our own engineers have worked out in at least four different ways and which others will surely work out, possibly in a dozen other ways.

This is a footling and empty task for true liberalism. We know that there are men in the world perfectly fit to be trusted with the

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secret of atomic power. The United States thus far has exploded three atomic bombs, one as a test and two to force the surrender of the Japanese Empire. The nuclear physicists and the high military command have not wantonly misused the bomb. Nobody believes that it will be misused as long as its control lies in their hands exclusively. The danger will come when atomic power has to be entrusted to large numbers of people. Obviously, the way to avert that danger is to bend every effort to preparing large numbers of people — the ideal would be a majority of the voting population — to handle it as prudently as this group of the élite has handled it.

That means a gigantic effort, an incomprehensible effort if you please, but in the eyes of true liberals not an impossible effort. It means simply an intensification of the effort they have been making all along, for liberalism has ever been based on belief in the possibility of raising the general level of civilization of the masses. It is not belief in the perfectibility of human nature, but it is belief in the possibility of its improvement.

The pseudo-liberal accepts this in theory, but in practice he is more afraid of life than he is of death. His ingrained asceticism makes him regard the sudden release of the slave as almost certain ruin; and the realization that that release may come at any minute, and almost certainly must come within relatively few years, panics him. The true liberal is willing to accept the chance — a bit nervously, perhaps, if he is a man of sense, but not with any deep perturbation. At bottom his equanimity is not disturbed. The prospect of having to work fast, faster than he ever worked before, is troubling; but even if he can't work fast enough, which is highly probable, he does not believe that all is lost. Even if our present world goes into a tail-spin, it will eventually pull out; for no increase in man's control over his environment has ever proved permanently disastrous. Nor will this one.

Never mind the projects and programs, then. Find a man unterrified, and you have found the liberal of 1946.

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Politics Is Peace

Nathaniel Peffer

FOR this generation at least it is the political implication of atomic energy that is of over-riding importance. By political I mean, of course, that which has to do with war, for in our time certainly the aspect of politics that is of over-riding importance is that which determines peace or war. Atomic energy may one day, when applied to processes of production and transportation, change the nature of civilization and society, but that possibility is contingent on atomic energy's not having first laid civilization and society in ruins through its use in bombs. For us, then, the question of atomic energy is political: can we prevent another war, or, if not, can we prohibit or limit the use of atomic bombs in war?

One thing must be emphasized first of all. Politically the atomic bomb has introduced nothing new. It has only accentuated what was already present. The difference since Hiroshima is one of degree only. It was demonstrated clearly enough in Europe between 1939 and 1944 that even without atomic bombs the complex social structure of modern times could survive further wars only vestigially. The difference in the result of war before and after the use of atomic bombs is the difference between slow but sure attrition and quick extinction, the end result being the same. Indeed, it is not just Swiftian satire to say that if there must be war again it had better be fought with atomic bombs. The end will be quicker and more merciful. The need to prevent war and the question whether it can be prevented have taken on a new urgency, a terrible urgency; but they were present before.

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Nothing less than the prevention of war need be discussed seriously. The prospect of successful injunction against the use of atomic bombs (once there is war), or even of limitation, is so slight it may be summarily dismissed. No international self-denying ordinance will be observed if a nation's back is to the wall and national survival is at stake — to say nothing of the emergence of another Hitler or Mussolini to whom peace means decadence. Chivalry in war has survived to our time in name only; it is now irrevocably gone. We can have either prevention of war, by whatever means arrived at, or war with atomic energy as the principal weapon until one side or the other suffers extinction or complete paralysis — paralysis beyond hope of recovery.

We know now that the prospect of preventing war without an organism that transcends national boundaries is for practical purposes non-existent. The choice is between world government, either in a single state or a closely-bound federation, and an international organism limited to police power for preservation of peace between nations. These are the alternatives: no other has been or can be visualized. Put otherwise, they mean complete abandonment of national sovereignty or a limited abandonment of national sovereignty for purposes restricted to enforcing injunctions against aggression or punishing it when the injunction is violated.

If the question were to be examined on its merits by an extra-planetary commission or a commission composed of Confucius, Aristotle and Bacon resurrected for the task, the answer would be found quickly enough: world government. In logic and by every historical analogy there can be no other valid answer. National sovereignty is an anomaly in our time. The national state is an anachronism. The principles of international society as we know it, if applied in the narrower compass of the individual state, would result in chaos. The social mechanism within each state would clog, break, fall apart. Twentieth-century society simply could not operate. The important material processes and functions of modern civilization are organized across state lines, even though obstacles are erected to impede them. The cartel is one symptom of the incompatibility between social forces and the

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structure in which they must be contained. International capital ownership is another. For crucial products the market really is a world market. Raw materials, even if national in ownership, are international in consumption.

Moreover, platitudinous as it may be, it is also true that a war anywhere now affects nations everywhere. The old-fashioned bi-national war is a thing of the past. Except in relatively isolated areas — say, for example, in the less important parts of South America — there will be no more bi-national wars. There will be hemispheric wars at least, and in all probability world wars. Finally, the only authority capable of dealing efficiently with infractions against international law and order is world authority.

All this may be true and, to the detached mind, obvious. But we know that there is no chance of its being given effect now or in the near future. Logic cannot stand against the power of beliefs and feelings and attitudes. One need only try to conceive of Americans submitting to an international legislative body in which they were a minority the question of how many Oriental immigrants should be admitted into the United States, whether banks and key industries should be nationalized, or whether all tariff duties should be repealed. One need only try to conceive of Russia submitting to international legislation on the right of property. The fact is that only a negligible minority of men in the Western world have any disposition to waive national sovereignty in favor of a world state — a minority even among the educated and privileged classes. And now and in the immediate future the fact is insuperable. In our generation a world state can be imposed only by conquest, by success in the effort in which Hitler failed.

This leaves us an international organization with limited functions and purposes, not as the conscious choice by the dictate of logic, but *faute de mieux*. It leaves us, in other words, the United Nations Organization that came to birth in San Francisco. It is not only true that a mouse was then brought forth, but also that the mountains did not even labor. But it is also true that this is the only immediate channel still open to us.

Moreover, it is a sign of health in us, and of growth in our stat-

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ure, that we are now without the callow, evangelical illusions that cluttered our thinking about the League of Nations in 1919. The United Nations Organization is not much, true; but that we know it is not much may be a sign of its strength, as of our health. At any rate, the United Nations Organization *is*; and the fact of its being offers hope, just now our only hope. It is of some significance that no great Power (however much it sought to hedge about the United Nations Organization with restrictions and limitations, however much it may have had tongue in cheek, however little faith it may have had in its purpose) dared to say it would not subscribe. We have at least come so far on the way to giving up the prerogatives of national sovereignty and acknowledging that a right to jurisdiction lies somewhere outside the national self.

As the United Nations Organization stands now, early in 1946, it does, indeed, come to very little. Measured against the responsibility for preventing war in an age when war means social suicide, it is pitiably lacking. The fact is that it is not and cannot be an effective instrument for the prevention of war. Aside from the general international atmosphere in which it is set, an atmosphere of reservation as to its purposes and of mutual suspicion among the great Powers, there is the more definite and serious liability that lies in its structure. Mainly there is the limitation imposed by the so-called veto clause, by which measures calculated to restrain an aggressor or punish him for aggression can be vetoed by any one of the five great Powers — Great Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, France and China. Unfortunately it is by the great Powers that wars are made in our time. A Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden or Switzerland will be an aggressor only when incited or abetted by a great Power. In practice, then, any one of the great Powers is free to act as it wishes. All the other nations in the world may be unanimous in desiring to impose restraints; its own veto, cast in its own favor in a cause in which it is defendant, precludes action. This is to say that the United Nations Organization, as now constituted, can prevent only unimportant wars — not those that will be fought with the largest arsenals of atomic bombs.

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Yet perpetuity has not been vested in the veto clause, or immutability even in the Charter itself. To a great extent the limitations on the powers of the United Nations Organization are a product of the atmosphere in which it was born. There is nothing subtle or elusive in this. The partnership of the three principal allies against the Axis was one of expediency, not community of political outlook or aim. One thing alone united them: fear of Germany. Each came to San Francisco or, for that matter, to the battlefields on the Elbe, with *arrière-pensées* far more deeply embedded in consciousness and active in motivation than the common fear. In the nature of the history of the last twenty-five years and perhaps of the social philosophy of our time — rather, the conflicting political philosophies of our time — the *arrière-pensées* were ineradicable.

To be concrete, the Russians, drawing from experience, fear the formation of coalitions against them among the Western capitalistic Powers, and their fears are understandable. To submit themselves to decision by majority vote is to lay themselves open to punitive action on grounds having less to do with international law than with economic philosophy. They do not believe that the West is reconciled to the existence of a strong communist state, and they may be right. They were at San Francisco, and have been ever since, adamant in opposition to any device for collective action not subject to their veto. Nor is that attitude likely to change until the Russians can gain confidence in the good faith of the Western Powers, of Great Britain and America in particular — confidence that these Powers do not plan to organize the world against Russia because it is communist. By the same token the Western Powers are not likely to overcome their fears of Russia, generated by the actions Russia has taken, perhaps as a defensive measure, until they can feel assured that those actions are only defensive.

The mutual fears and suspicions, not without grounds on both sides, negate any possibility of an effective international organization, but those fears and suspicions are not ineradicable, and the negation is not irrevocable. The political task of the immediate future is to lay a basis for confidence, even if certain principles

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must be transiently waived and acts that go against the grain morally and are contrary to our national interests must be accepted. For the rawness left by the harsh abrasion of war, between allies as well as between enemies, time is not the only emollient — but it is an indispensable one. Certain acts in restraint can serve, and certain acts of commission. One example of the latter would be for America to turn over to the United Nations Organization, meaning in effect to Russia, the blueprints for the manufacture of the atomic bomb.

In the meantime the United Nations Organization can be kept in being. The habit of cooperation can be formed, if only exercised in minor issues. The issues on which concerted action is taken can broaden in scope. With the give and take that enter into common decision evidence of good faith can be given and good faith itself grow. Then the question of the veto power can be re-examined, and at that time rigorous pressure applied for its repeal. Once that is attained, a foundation will have been laid for a genuine organization of nations.

An international organization is not a world state, and by so much is wanting in that which is really called for in modern society; but it can, nevertheless, serve the purpose of preventing war — the first essential. For the preservation of peace all that is required is acceptance of international jurisdiction over those acts of individual nations that jeopardize the safety of another nation. This means the right to issue orders of cease and desist against any nation; the right to examine the cause that has given rise to dispute; the right to find judgment and enforce it, levying penalties for failure to abide by the judgment — penalties in the form of economic sanctions or, if necessary, concerted force. Force exercised against an aggressor nation may be war, too, though exercised by an international concert; but war as an exercise of international police power is different from war as the result of conflict of national "interests."

For one thing, police power is inescapable in the social process, and, for another, demonstration that it will be exercised as a world instrumentality in the relations of nations will serve as deterrent. Police power under municipal law may not unfailingly

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deter, but the failure is the exception. Given such a system, the atomic bomb would provide insurance for peace. In the hands of the united nations of the world and capable of being delivered in large mass from all sides, it would constitute a threat before which a country, though driven by mania for conquest or by a maniac conqueror, would hesitate. For no matter how much damage such a country might count on doing to those immediately around it, in the end it would itself be destroyed. The most it could hope for would be a momentary, sadistic fling. And so far from rationality not even Hitlers go. In fact, Hitler himself calculated his chances shrewdly and almost brought his *coup* off.

The world state is the goal toward which we must and shall advance, unless we first destroy ourselves. The road is long, and to try it at a bound is to court a sure fall. But let an international organization succeed in surmounting the first obstacle, which is war — even if it must once use force to vindicate its right and demonstrate its power — and it can proceed, taking more and more in its stride. Put otherwise, once it has been able to override the most cherished prerogative of national sovereignty, which is the right to advance the interests of the nation by any means, war included, it can expand its functions until more and more of the prerogatives of government fall under its jurisdiction.

The problem of war must be dealt with, and the atomic bomb makes the task more imperative. A world state could deal with the problem better, but a genuine international organization — even if restricted to the exercise of jurisdiction and police power over acts affecting more than one nation — would, or could, suffice. And in the state of men's thought in our generation the enterprise of establishing a world state is hopeless. Establishing an international organization, while difficult, is possible.

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The Reality of Utopia

Erich Kahler

THE appearance of the atomic bomb has not created a substantially new situation, but it has nevertheless completely changed the world. The state in which mankind finds itself today is no different from what it was before Hiroshima; it is one that long ago crept up on us unobserved. The atomic bomb has simply, at a single stroke, made it acute, perceptible to the senses, visible to all eyes. What formerly could be considered the extravagant interpretation of intellectuals, or lightly dismissed as pious warnings from podium and pulpit, has now risen up before mankind as unavoidable, menacing reality — not words, but fact. This realization is the only new element introduced by the "Atomic Age." But it is certainly a shattering innovation, for it has reversed the relationship between idea and reality: "Utopia" — the world community — is today the only real thing, and all previous "practical" and "realistic" conceptions — national sovereignty and power politics and the unrestricted pursuit of economic interests — all those, from now on, are obvious delusions.

The paradoxical, indeed fantastic, aspect of this development is that it has resulted not from an advance in human reason and morality, as the optimists of seventeenth-century enlightenment were inclined to expect, but through an improvement of the technical equipment of life, that actually was connected with a retard, even a deterioration in the standards of human reason and morality. The picture presented by the last half-century is one of increasing disparity between the rapid development of technical

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machinery and the lagging ability of man to understand and control the effects of this development. And the very automatism of this technical development has, contrary to the aims of man, made of the unpractical enthusiasts' wish-dream for world unity so urgent and real a necessity that the survival of human civilization depends on its fulfillment.

Let us examine this development. In the Middle Ages, the aim of all thought and study was the interpretation of Divine Creation and Providence. Christian dogma had undisputed authority over human knowledge, hence a measure of authority over human activity. This meant that for people in those days the conduct of the individual was inseparably bound up with the whole of humanity and of the universe — this whole being represented or personified by God. In and through the person of God (who at each moment in the life of man, thanks to faith and the power of the Church, had assumed extreme reality in the affairs of man) the whole was able to burden the individual with a degree of responsibility, and to summon him before a spiritual tribunal in after-life. The whole, the human and cosmic universe, possessed reality and authority, and man possessed a soul about whose salvation he was concerned.

Both these circumstances are decisive, for they indicate the reality and authority of morality. What mortal dangers, soul-searchings and conflicts beset the scholars in their efforts to establish analytical thought and empirical science; what obstacles to economic development were the Church's ban on interest, and its principle of the "Fair Price"! The state of human affairs was bad enough, but the attitude of the individual was of considerable importance; in his own sphere, a single person had the power to influence events for good or for bad.

Since the latter part of the Middle Ages, the power of dogma has been undermined by the destruction of the Holy Roman Empire, the schism of the Reformation, and the forward thrust of economic and rationalistic movements. The empirical exploration of nature and the exploitation of natural forces were given free rein. But when human reason, expressing itself in great philosophical systems, grew more and more autonomous, and as

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the heir of God took over His representation of the whole, the whole was bound gradually to lose its compelling force. Worldly as reason was, it had no sublime, spiritual tribunal before which to hold man responsible for his conduct. Its arguments and decisions were manifold and intricate, and they attained unquestionable validity only where the practical results of applied science gave them concrete and apposite confirmation. Speculative theory, the consideration and interpretation of the whole, weakened and fell into discredit; while scientific research, possessing an apparently infallible criterion of truth in its economic and technical applicability, gained exclusive control over mankind. Gunpowder and the compass, chronometers and telescopes, steam power and its teeming mechanical world, the plethora of commodities and comforts that it produced, and later those that came from the exploitation of electricity, of internal combustion, and of electromagnetic waves — these myriad products of applied science became, in the eyes of the masses, the yardsticks, the shapers and the dominators of reality, the very goals and targets of human life.

The turning-point was the Industrial Revolution. Until then the world was still governed by man and by human relationships. There was time for leisure and reflection, and man was still able to survey the world's spiritual and factual composition. The rationalistic advocates of enlightenment could still hope that the improved means of controlling nature might bring about a perfection of man himself. Living under better, healthier conditions, his toil lightened by mechanical power, man would be able to devote himself to his intellectual and moral betterment. Higher education and greater enlightenment would lay bare man's reason and innate goodness which, according to contemporary belief, were latent in every human being and obstructed only by superstition and despotism. And once rid of the tutelage of Church and monarchy, man would attain ever greater inward and outward freedom. That was how the future looked.

But something very different sprang from the Industrial Revolution. A huge production of commodities, devices and conveniences arose, swamping the very presence and consciousness of

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man and hemming him in with a new and much worse tyranny. This was fulfilled by means of two irresistible and inseparable procedures: technicalization and collectivization. Gradually, a technical machinery of life set itself between man and man, installing mechanical links that created between men a natural schism and alienation and a new and artificial relationship. Or, to put it more accurately: it separated the individuals but brought together the masses, establishing connections between the consolidated groups, and thereby transferring the arena of decisive events from the individual to a new, collective plane. This transference meant, of course, an increasing subordinacy and prostration of the individual.

A few examples will suffice. The movies, to a great extent, supplanted the theater. In the theater there arises between the players on the stage and the audience for whom they play, a distinct, momentary, living relationship, a direct mutual reaction from person to person that exercises a particular influence on every single performance. In the movies the actors play in front of a machine, their only medium of communication with a completely anonymous, worldwide, timeless and placeless mass-audience.

Between the customer and the artisan of former days, tailor, cobbler, cabinet-maker, between man and his neighbor, there existed an intimate relationship based on personal confidence. Today, however, between customer and supplier we find the machines of mass-production and of mechanical transport; and the inhabitants of a modern metropolis have more in common with the members of their particular trade or profession than with their individual neighbors, whom they scarcely even know. On the other hand, these same machines of mass-production, distribution and communication, have segregated the community into specialized and differentiated producer and consumer groups. And between these groups, between the remotest nations and communities throughout the world, they have established so closely woven and complex a pattern of interdependence that the individual completely loses sight of his place in this vast network.

Entangled in such gigantic mass-relationships, the individual

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sinks to hopeless insignificance, impotence and ignorance. In the tumult of our daily life and business in a metropolis, where press and radio, with their ceaseless waves of urgent news, sweep away even the experiences of yesterday — in this overwhelming turmoil, no sort of connected memories, and hence no coherent knowledge, can be built up. Through the rapid communication and interaction of events, everything occurs much faster than before. In fact, much more occurs, and that more complicatedly; and all that occurs, more even than actually occurs, is perpetually recorded. Even that which does not really occur, but is announced falsely either on purpose or through careless haste, produces by reaction real occurrences. Research and technical discovery have become a gigantic, permanent procedure that constantly injects into daily events a stream of innovations and alterations that touch closely the very foundations of our living. But who knows about this? Who can be aware and keep abreast of all this? What single scholar is capable of keeping in touch with the sciences immediately bordering on his particular field, let alone of achieving a general picture of our whole present-day knowledge? What single man, even in our governments and parliaments, has a comprehensive view even of the momentary situation, let alone of what is looming up from the depth and breadth of daily events to form the future?

This state of affairs has several ominous consequences. Since no single man — be he ever so close to political developments — can understand or master the total situation, the true course of events (in spite of all Fuehrers and dictators) has become leaderless, a pure automatism. In fact, the Fuehrers and dictators are a direct result of that leaderlessness; they are the immediate makeshift for the lack of human leadership. The individual, no longer able to grasp the highly complex situation, or to pierce, with the help of reason, through the maze of overpoweringly material automatism, feels himself helplessly abandoned. He clutches desperately at some simplification by substituting for the whole any part that is within reach. And through this simplification, he becomes prey to latent irrational and emotional currents, to uncontrolled impulses and prejudices determined by traditions,

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or by profession, class or property, which he rationalizes after the event. Finally, the individual succumbs to atavistic paroxisms of violence, and consequently to the demagogues, those most brutal simplifiers who see in every form of opposition the primitive personification of enmity. In this way they unleash all the irritation, fear and panic that the incomprehensible awakens in the individual against the windmill-foe, the other nation, the other race, class or group, and its rascally leaders. The other group and its leaders, acting and reacting in the same manner, have always made enough mistakes, have committed sufficient sins, and so bear enough guilt for the accusations to be tangibly founded and justified.

The individual human being, who, for ease of comprehension and action, simplifies the situation and personalizes objects, is completely unaware that he is thereby gradually dismissing his reason. He simplifies in order to rescue his rational comprehension of what is otherwise incomprehensible. He does not, however, perceive that something within him ceases to take reasonable cognizance of the true situation, that his simplifications and personal projections make him slide back into conventional and emotional behavior — and today that means collective behavior. He does not know that at the very point where he fails to comprehend the true complexity, he falls back on the standardized collective interests, representations and prejudices that already today make up the major portion of his personality.

The collective representations, and the collective wills, through the millions of irrationally or semi-rationally reacting individuals, clash against one another and, by their blind battles, complicate the situation even further. So far, collective will is effective only emotionally; it is as yet in no way rationally organized. No means has yet been found for transforming collective will into collective consciousness — every form of democracy to this day, and, despite the first Russian steps in this direction, every form of socialism, have failed in this task. Such a transformation would signify that the individuals are conscious of their collective conditionings, that they learn to recognize the specific groupings as interconnected parts of a common whole, of that leaderless,

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automatically advancing whole in whose snares they all are caught. Not even the true scope of this whole is seen. Not only the groups — national, professional or economic — but in the Western Hemisphere even the individuals still believe that they can decide their own lives independently, or at least that they could if only they were not hindered by evil foes. Problems still appear as conflicts.

The development of the last 150 years therefore shows a twofold process. On the one hand, there has been a luxuriant growth of the technical machinery of life and knowledge, separating men from one another as individuals by segregating them in specialized and standardized groups. More, it has made these groups so very closely interdependent in the state and in the world that all occurrences become nearly ubiquitous and simultaneous, and the world automatically achieves unity. On the other hand, proportionally, the individual sinks back into insignificance, impotence and general ignorance.

It is as though the rational forces had objectivized themselves in the far-reaching and manifold technical processes and become autonomous, independent of man, withdrawn from man. Collective consciousness is latent in technology. For all that individual man may apply himself, in his factories and laboratories, to specialized tasks of utmost rational refinement, the whole of the world recedes further and further from him. And in his relationship to this whole, to the general questions of humanity, he becomes less and less capable of comprehending and of deciding. More and more he reacts irrationally, emotionally, and quite unawares falls prey to the collective currents and aspirations that now as always tend toward the primitive state of simplification and personification of the problems.

This trend implies a decline of morals, a moral degeneration. For morality is nothing else but the attitude toward the whole — positive or negative, furthering or hindering and disturbing. When knowledge of and orientation in the whole are no longer possible, then the individual must, in his consternation, be carried away by the nearest wave of impulse or opportunity. To whom human history and events are no longer a living whole and one-

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ness, to him the brotherhood of man cannot have any meaning.

These circumstances had long prevailed when the atomic bomb exploded. It was the practical outcome of an exploration into nature that has reached the purlieus of sublime theoretical abstraction and is in the very act of passing from extreme materialism, through the study of matter, into extreme spirituality. The most important aspect of this event is the releasing of atomic energy for practical uses. The atom bomb is only the first stage of this long drawn-out process. It was brought to such rapid fruition by the headlong race between the belligerents for a decisive war-weapon. And this example illustrates most crudely the state of human affairs here described. The practical exploitation of atomic energy was expedited not for the purpose of solving the most urgent problems of human communal life, but in order to equip with the most murderous weapon of all times the long obsolete struggles for power between the groups.

The weapon, however, turned out to be so murderous, concentrating the whole of warfare on a few points and moments of thorough devastation, that humanity, or at least human civilization, stands before the cold alternative of being or not-being. The automatism of technology that had long been in opposition to the obsolete ways of human mentality begins to revolt against the destructive misuse that has so far been made of technical achievements. Technology balks, it poses the last decisive question.

And this is but the beginning. What the atom bomb has wrought, the disruption of the international political system, is, in spite of all its vital threat to mankind, negligible in comparison with the effects that the now discovered technical application of atom-splitting has yet to produce in its further development. It will not be possible to prevent the harnessing of atomic energy, sooner or later, for economic uses. And when that time comes, humanity will face a change in the established social order compared with which all previous man-made revolutions will appear as absolute child's play.

Technology, in the same way as religion and morality, compels man by offering a promise and a threat. Religion and morality

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appealed to individual man, and the choice they offered him had reality only insofar as the individual believed in the actual existence of a heavenly world, or a distinctly immaterial, psychic order. For the world of the Middle Ages, Heaven and Hell were just as real as are the amusement park and the concentration camp for the world of today. However, the reality of Heaven and Hell began only beyond earthly life.

As morality came to substitute itself for religion the clear outlines and personal expectations of Heaven or Hell were replaced by a limbo of Progress, a never-never-land located on earth and within human life in general, but in an ideal future, and never to be fully experienced personally. And when eventually the original ideal of human progress degenerated to the promotion of an ever higher "standard of living," and partly lost itself in the mist, partly was discredited by the events, the binding force of morality was more and more restricted to the private field. It became valid only for a rapidly dwindling minority of individuals who had preserved in their souls that criterion of the whole, formerly represented by God — that conscience, that consciousness of the whole — and carried it through life as a part of their personality, as a super-ego, in the words of Freud. In the face of the political and economic developments of our century, anyone attempting seriously to apply moral yardsticks to public affairs was derided as a dangerous and unrealistic fool. Plans for a closely united world, a world community, were labelled Utopian. And, on the other hand, to whom would it have occurred, even quite recently, that the uninhibited surrender to practical and tactical expedients, the abandonment of all principles, could really bring the world to such a degree of disruption and corruption as we have experienced in the last ten years?

The promises and threats of morality, then, stood, in the eyes of most people, for a far-distant dreamland of the future. Lacking immediacy, they lacked reality. But now, suddenly, the very instrument of practicality, technology, has erected before mankind a promise and a threat, both imbued with imminent, unmistakable and completely earthly reality. We may have unity and lasting peace on earth. We may even have, in a not so distant

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future, a world like that depicted by the enlightenment: a world in which man, through his control of vast new energies, could find both comfort and leisure, and lead a life at once more free and more human. But still closer and more perceptible looms the threat of physical destruction. And this time promise and threat are so closely connected that they ask for a radical decision, one way or the other. Out of practicality itself Utopia is born, and even here, following the process of natural science, extreme materialism turns into extreme spirituality.

There is little interest today in promises. He who has capital and influence has no use for promises, and he who possesses nothing does not believe in them. And their fulfillment lies so far beyond the conceptions and experiences of everybody's daily life that one would not accept a paradise if it entailed a change in the customary network of circumstances in which one is so tightly, deeply and helplessly embedded.

The threat has certainly made impression enough. Its echoes boom on unceasingly from radio, press and platforms. Yet it will scarcely alter the behaviour of mankind — at any rate not so suddenly or radically as this inexorable ultimatum of events requires. The tragedy of the situation consists in the fact that the same process that has pushed the moral challenge to the point of technical reality has also driven man to a condition where he is less prepared to meet it than ever before.

The first reaction was paralyzing fear and, as always, an attempt to escape, to minimize and to procrastinate. But the physicists and technicians have blocked one escape after the other. They have established the following points: It is useless to try to keep the process secret. The scientific data of atomic fission are common knowledge among physicists everywhere; the final stages of technical realization of the atom bomb, sole items on the agenda, can be achieved very shortly in other countries and might even be perfected secretly, thus adding to the danger of surprise. The huge cost of the invention is no protection. New results in physical research may offer tomorrow a considerably cheaper method of production. And in Russia particularly the cost today is of no account.

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A really effective defense against the atom bomb is inconceivable. "Since the aggressor, in the next war, will have the advantage of surprise," says one technical expert, "I will still have to beg for from one to five years to develop a defense (assuming that I know how) against new ways of delivering atomic explosives. . . . Atomic explosives demand not 90 per cent, but 100 per cent defense. This, we do not know how to achieve."

This, then, is the present state of affairs. The danger can increase immeasurably in the future. A systematically sharpened sense of discovery is today at work in thousands of brains, and the work is being done at feverish speed. The Hiroshima bomb was already obsolete when it was dropped. Nations and governments have therefore been so driven into a corner by actuality that there remains but one course of action. Yet no sooner are the first steps taken on that course than the old irrational (one might almost say animal) inhibitions come irresistibly into play.

Here is where the evil is located, at this human and moral point. No matter how strenuously we exert ourselves once more to find a technical avenue of escape, some new preventive machinery which, in the last analysis, will leave everything unchanged, it is all in vain. We are thrown inescapably back to a human and moral transformation, a change in the attitude of mankind toward the whole. Technology itself has once and for all transcended the purely technical stage. Technology itself has become a moral force.

At the Moscow Conference in December, 1945, it was resolved that a commission be set up to examine the problems of atomic energy, and to make appropriate recommendations to the UNO Security Council. The main problems are the outlawing of the atomic weapon and the possibility of effective international guarantees against its use. Not until such guarantees are put into effect are the secrets of manufacture to be handed over to the UNO. Let us consider for a moment what the commission is faced with.

The international outlawing of the atomic weapon offers against the background of history no guarantee whatsoever, particularly since the group of powers which now wants the bomb

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outlawed was the very one to introduce its use without prior warning. There is scarcely a single provision of the Geneva Convention that has not been broken in the last wars, so long as there seemed to be any advantage in breaking it, and the fear of retaliation was not too great. One might just as well outlaw war in general, and this has often enough been attempted without success.

Now what is the outlook for the other, technical guarantees? A condition of real security will not prevail in the world until any state that might undertake a surprise attack with atomic weapons may fully expect immediate and automatic reprisals with the same weapons. To make that possible, there would have to be a world-wide network of internationalized, well-guarded and well-protected bomb stores, and an international secret service to uncover and nip in the bud any such plans and to guard the stores.

It seems obvious that such protective measures can be reliably administered only by an unquestionably supranational authority, a world government. The UNO is not such an authority. It is basically an alliance of the Big Three, surrounded by their satellites, a constellation whose rival forces and interests can be maintained in unstable accord only by means of repeated compromise. A world government worthy of the name would be a constitution above the sphere of interests of the great powers, and armed with such instruments of control and supreme authority as are at the disposal of a present-day democratic government with regard to its citizens: legislature, judiciary and executive. Its agencies would have to be delegated by a democratic procedure — that is, by popular election, not governmental appointment — from all nations that show a minimum of functioning democracy. These nations would have to be as equal in their rights and obligations as are the American states within the union, allowing in a similar way for quantitative differences of population. The exploitation of atomic energy tends to further democracy in the international field: sooner or later, it will bring about the political equalization of small and big nations. The days of great powers are numbered.

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There is no sense in deceiving ourselves. Effective security cannot be bought more cheaply in view of the present condition of mankind: the constant danger of crisis, inherent in the uncontrolled automatism of world affairs, and the constant latency of irrational collective impulses with immeasurable potentialities.

But in the face of all this how far present-day humanity is from achieving such security! What personal and national sacrifices would have to be made, how many of the prerogatives of sovereignty would have to be abandoned, what responsibility would have to be shouldered for the common weal! What opposition would have to be overcome! And what degree of insight, knowledge and reasonable self-control would be demanded of man! Thus, step by step, the apparently technical machinery for protection against the danger of the atom bomb points back to such tasks as the purification and rationalization of democratic institutions, a more comprehensive and intensive education, a methodical attempt at a unified picture of our world — in short, to an orientation toward the whole and toward the human community; that is, to an essentially moral task.

The moral transformation is the only course that remains to us, no matter how arduous it may be. In the meantime, we can rely only upon the clemency of fate. The general fear, on which so many people count as a restraining influence, is a very questionable defense. Between fear and its object there exists a menacing and magic interaction which tends to gradual intensification, and eventually to a panic merging of the two. In a crisis, help has never come from fear, but only from calm and careful consideration.

A mother recently surprised her child muttering the following prayer: "Please God, let us all perish in the same catastrophe!" This prayer by a child in 1945 is the most horrible indictment that can be delivered against our world. It should be posted everywhere, on the walls of every polling-booth, parliament, office and university, to bring men to their senses and remind them of their responsibilities.

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The Rededication of German Scholarship

Karl Jaspers
Translated by Marianne Zuckerkandl

THIS is a great day for our university. The School of Medicine begins its work again: this fills us with new hope. The other departments will follow, and the whole university will be able to reopen in a not too distant future. It is a new beginning after the ruin which had overtaken the university for twelve years. It is true that secretly the core of the university remained intact. There were teachers and students whose minds preserved their freedom. Something has been salvaged, in spite of dismissals on the largest scale, in spite of interference in teaching and research, in spite of the destruction of our ancient constitution and self-government in favor of an administration whose evil policies and philosophy reached ever lower levels of depravity. The fact that the spirit of science could not actually be destroyed makes it possible today for the university to start anew, though on a limited scale only.

It was the consent of the occupying forces that enabled us to begin our work again. After the unconditional surrender, the silent disappearance of the Nazi leaders, the utter disintegration of the state, we have no legal rights whatsoever. "Vae victis" is

● The School of Medicine of the University of Heidelberg was solemnly reopened on August 15, 1945. The principal speech was made by Professor KARL JASPERS, the philosopher, who was originally a member of the medical staff. His *General Psychopathology* is an internationally recognized standard work. Later on Jaspers turned more and more to philosophical problems. His book *Die geistige Situation der Zeit* (*The Spiritual Situation of Our Time*) published by Goeschen in 1931, was one of the last courageous analyses and warnings that could be heard in Germany. Since 1935 Jaspers has been barred from teaching; after 1939 his books could no longer be published. Here for the first time he was able to raise his voice again.

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what we experience. Yet in this situation we find ourselves not facing barbarians; we face nations which have founded their existence on the Rights of Man and in the course of their history have pledged themselves solemnly to these rights. To their active belief in these rights which they, the victors, have granted to us, the vanquished, we owe it that today we find tolerance and perhaps even support in our attempt to reconstruct the university — that is, the universe of science, the source of our knowledge and education. The German people shall not be destroyed; the German people shall be educated. These rights have been granted to us so that we may use them. If there is still a thing in the world in which we may have confidence, this is it.

However, the rebirth of our university could never mean that we merely want to continue where we left off in 1933. Too many things have happened; too vast and far-reaching has been the disaster. And we ourselves are no longer the same as we were in 1933. It was possible to seek death in the disgrace of that year when, after the breach of the constitution, dictatorship was established through a sham legality, and all opposition was brushed aside by the wave of intoxication that carried away a major part of the people. We might have sought death when the crimes of the regime came to light on June 30, 1934; when our Jewish friends and fellow-citizens were robbed, deported and murdered; when to our everlasting shame the synagogues of all Germany were blazing. We might have sought death when during the war the government from the very beginning acted against the principle stated by our greatest philosopher, Kant: that as a condition of international law "nothing should be done in war that would absolutely preclude the later reconciliation of the belligerents." Thousands of Germans, most of them anonymous, have sought — or found — death in opposition to the regime.

We, the survivors, did not seek it. As our Jewish friends were taken away we did not demonstrate in the streets, we did not shout until in turn we, too, were destroyed. We chose to survive on the weak but correct ground that our death would amount to nothing. Our guilt is to be still alive. We know before God what has happened to us. During these twelve years we have gone

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through what one may call the remolding of our very being. We have been cudgeled by the devils who dragged us along into confusion and left us stupefied. We have won insights into the reality of world and man and of our own selves — insights which we shall never forget and whose consequences for our thinking cannot be measured.

It is a miracle that we have survived. But it is also our own decision. This decision implies our readiness to accept the consequences of life under such conditions. Our sole dignity in this time without dignity is truth, and the infinite patience of work in spite of all obstacles, of all failures, as long as it is granted to us. The life we have saved we also want to merit. Faithful to our elders and to our country; faithful to our homeland which we recognize in Kant, in Goethe, Lessing, and the other lofty figures, in all that has nobility among us, in our language, in our woods, and mountains, and rivers, and lakes; obedient to the eternal moral commands, we want our true heritage to form us.

In this position, as the men we have grown to be, we now want to rebuild our universities. As to practical matters, we hope that our former constitution and self-government will be confirmed; that the endowment of the schools and departments will be secured; that the students will be able to live; and that, however modest, conditions for research and training will be granted. But all this is not yet regeneration. Regeneration will be achieved only through the work of the individual teachers and students living in a spiritual community. This community must be guided by the imperishable idea of a university as an institution serving both research and education; claiming freedom of teaching and learning for every individual instructor and student as a condition of their independence and responsibility; rejecting mere routine and narrow specialization; and promoting, through the stimulus of the exchange of ideas, the unity of science.

The result of that regeneration will show in the spirit of the work done in the departments, and in the way science is discussed in seminars and clinics. It will show in the publications and textbooks whose very attitude will give proof of the presence of such a spirit. The regeneration is solely up to us, but as yet we have

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not openly agreed on a common viewpoint. There is as yet no common ground for us to stand on when we talk to each other. The university is not yet really alive. Thoughts and actions are governed by various remnants of questionable habits. Once upon a time we Germans had the strength to rely on ourselves as individuals; to remain free in our hearts and minds, no matter what our external circumstances. Today, too, this is our only chance. Listening to and communicating with others, every one of us must dare to begin rebuilding the university within himself.

To sum up the conditions under which we undertake this regeneration: Our country is politically and economically prostrate; "vae victis" is what we are facing; twelve years of distress and infamy have remolded our lives; our situation is that of survivors settling down among ruins; our chance is creative work of the mind. All this will become expressly our theme as soon as the reinstitution of the departments of the spiritual sciences ("Geisteswissenschaften") will be allowed.

Medical science seems rather remote from these questions. It is a science and an art which, independent of politics, aims at the same things wherever in the world men are concerned about the health of body and mind. However, this is mere appearance. We have seen to what extent it has been possible for politics to penetrate even so non-political a field as medicine. Physicians have been forced to perform surgical operations, sterilizations, for which in most cases their consciences could not answer. Individual physicians condescended to the killing of the mentally sick. Others used their imperfect knowledge of genetics to prepare the material for legislation, the execution of which they later supported by extensive expert opinions, or had to restrain because of its excessive consequences. We have experienced something similar to the witch-hunting of the late Middle Ages: the race-hunting, together with all the fallacies of a so-called biological philosophy of life. The characteristics were the same now as then: infallibility; distortion of negative into affirmative arguments; substitution of sophistry, terror, and torture for reasoning; confused apprehension of some benevolent people: "There must be something to it"; sadistic gratification of others

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who insatiably clamored for ever new, ever more cruel proceedings.

Was it National Socialism that brought all this upon us? Obviously it could not have happened had it not been latent as a possibility. There must have been something in our past tradition that has now disastrously come into the open. We must understand the germ of evil unsuspiciously planted long ago. This is one of the great tasks of a penetrating historical self-scrutiny.

To quote one instance from medicine: a few years ago a critically minded and highly respected psychiatrist, in collaboration with a jurist, wrote a pamphlet on the extermination of such life as was not worth living. This was in accord with a generally positivistic, godless trend of thought. The ideas promoted in this pamphlet, although they were not meant that way, in their practical consequences led to the killing of mentally sick people. The decisive point is that it was possible at all to demand that under certain conditions insane persons should be killed for rationally definable reasons. It had nothing to do with science or the results of science. But the motive of humaneness had become so obscured that demands of that sort, particularly when supported by misleading examples, appeared quite convincing to people deemed sound according to the standards of the epoch.

The problem, indeed, is not a simple one. Every physician knows that in cases of cancer the injections against the unbearable pains are beneficently increased until the patient no longer wakes; the transition to the last, the lethal dose, is a gradual one. From this we may learn one thing: there are problems that allow of no definite solution. When we make them a matter of calculation or of principle we touch something better avoided in awe. Of such insoluble problems there are many; we are up against them theoretically in arguments on freedom of will and decision, practically in many situations of everyday life. Yet though insoluble, these problems can be clarified. In the case of medicine, clarity will result wherever the two pillars of the medical disciplines stand fast. These two pillars are truth and respect for human existence; in other words: science and humaneness. Had they stood fast, National Socialism would not have invaded medicine.

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The true scientist knows what he does know and what he does not know. The pseudo-scientist relies on dogmatic knowledge. The true scientist knows why he knows; the pseudo-scientist accepts ready-made opinions. The pseudo-scientist is afraid lest doubt may paralyze him. The true scientist reaches decisions by proceeding methodically, step by step, backed by experience. The pseudo-scientist plays with the diversity of opinions and possibilities and enjoys mysterious whispering. I dare say that a current of pseudo-science has been running through most of our scientific literature, medicine included. The spirit of pseudo-science opened the doors to National Socialism and there it found ready understanding and promotion.

The race doctrine, for example, deals with certain things which are probably fundamental in human nature. Yet not even the concept *race* had been clearly defined. What the schools taught as race doctrine during these years was mostly charlatanism. However, the consequences were a pernicious pseudo-scientific mythos which distorted the perspective of human existence, and murderous actions aiming at the extermination of the races deemed inferior.

Genetics is one of the most extraordinary enterprises of scientific research during the last decades. When we study the outstanding works of the geneticists we recognize with amazement what we are capable of achieving through knowledge. For various reasons, however, man is biologically a most inadequate object of genetic research. One can only try to apply to his case the knowledge acquired elsewhere. It is true that under favorable conditions, as found in certain specific diseases, such applications have produced some results, although the full exactitude of genetics was never attained. The combination of psychiatry and genetics, however, brought forth an extensive sham activity which exploited mathematical tricks and degenerated into endless speculations typical of unproductive research. The results are so poor that no conscientious scientist could defend their practical application — even if the inhuman outcome should be granted.

The other pillar, besides truth, is humaneness, meaning respect for human existence. Every individual is an infinity in himself.

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No scientific perspective can grasp man as a whole. He is always more than we know about him. Thus, the physician, particularly the psychiatrist and psychotherapist, must be ever conscious, even in the most common routine cases, that the individual is inexhaustible and inscrutable. This inscrutability is the veil which hides the individual from scientific knowledge. Man's ultimate reality is his freedom; yet experiential science cannot admit freedom. Accordingly, the humane idea of man, respresenting what he is and what he could be, must transcend our knowledge.

To work out this idea all the sciences must cooperate. The endeavor to grasp it in its full extent must act as the supreme guiding factor in every special knowledge and technique, particularly in medicine. The idea of man has been largely lost. To a great extent it has been mummified in our medical literature. We must reconquer for ourselves the idea of man.

Truth and humaneness are drawn toward each other. The humane physician asks of science not more than it can give; but what it can give he wants to be given completely and conscientiously. The scientific physician knows that for the needs of practice science alone will not be enough. At the borderline of science he is the helper, the comrade in destiny of the sick, their fellow in the community of human existence. Science and humaneness are insolubly connected. Where science is deserted fantastic illusions will replace faith; the misguided will be tied no longer to God but to their own fanaticism. Pseudo-science is the source of inhumaneness.

The whole of the university is needed if the two pillars, truth and humaneness, are to become fast again. Like every knowledge and every technique, medical science must be bound by the supreme truth which is represented in the cosmos of all sciences and in the living communication among men striving for knowledge. The whole of the university must live if teaching and research are to thrive in the separate fields.

The world-famous surgeon, Theodor Billroth, wrote in the 1870's that theology actually did not belong in the university. A student of medicine does not take courses in theology; and a student of theology who took a course in medicine might be in

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danger of losing his faith. Nonetheless, out of piety he would not move for expulsion of the School of Theology from the university. Educated in the tradition of humanism, Billroth could not silence his heart in the face of projects contemplating that destructive separation; projects which were then almost commonplace, and whose consequences we feel even today. Exclude God and the soul: the result will be the extermination of the insane.

When it originated, the university was truly one whole. For the main concerns of human existence the three faculties were established: for the salvation of the soul, the theological faculty; for the order of the secular community, the faculty of jurisprudence; for the health of the body, the faculty of medicine. To these three upper faculties the philosophical or lower faculty was added as a substructure. It embraced the whole cosmos of science and the fundamental sciences on which all practice is founded. To our misfortune, this unity was lost during the second half of the nineteenth century, first in the consciousness of the educated, then even in the outward appearance of the university. As a consequence, the sciences were dispersed; in every separate science ambitious to represent the whole of science, pseudo-science intruded; disintegration followed, culminating in the phantasmagorias of the National Socialist period. On the other hand, science proved unable to integrate into the whole the new factual forces of the epoch, particularly technics, and to penetrate them spiritually.

Regenerated from its origin, the university would regain its unity and expand into all the major concerns of humanity in our time. It would make up for what has been missed in the course of nearly a century. To mention the two biggest problems of university administration: a technical faculty might be established in addition to the theological, juridical and medical faculties; and the old unity of the philosophical faculty might be restored. These problems can be solved only when the whole of our world is alive in the individual scholar. A common spirit would then unite the separate professions. Once more the theological faculty would then become the first faculty. With everybody taking care of his particular field, all together they would live in the awareness and

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perspective of the whole. Then the physician, too, ever aware of the whole of his task, would measure up to the grand concept of Hippocrates, would become the philosopher-healer, the equal of the gods. Indeed, these are high goals.

Fully aware of our situation, we think that we can face the task of regenerating the university. Even if materially restrained, the spirit is open to the highest challenge. But the road will be long. For the time being the very first steps must be made. We shall not jubilantly talk of new beginnings; we shall not again betray ourselves boasting that now everything is going to be perfectly wonderful, and that we shall be the best of men in the best possible conditions. In 1918 and 1933 many people fell prey to such illusions. We are not given to self-intoxication in the midst of the ruin. For us it remains to accept our fate humbly, and to do what can be done: hard work toward remote ends and with little hope for immediate happiness. But there is also the blessing of the knowledge that we are serving an idea; and there is, for youth, the inspiring experience of spiritual advance, of freedom and self-reliance gained through the mastering of the sciences, and of the growth of the soul in depth and breadth. May confidence and fortitude in the face of a grim reality be ours on this way.

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A Reading of Keats (II)

Allen Tate

WHEN Keats adds to "things as perceived," what does he add? That, it seems to me, is the special problem of Keats. In the simplest language it is the problem of adding movement to a static picture, of putting into motion the "languor which lingers in the main design" (Robert Bridges) of even the later work.

Of the eight stanzas of "Ode to a Nightingale" six are distinctly pictorial in method; a seventh, stanza three, in which Keats expresses his complaint of common life, develops as a meditation out of the second stanza, the picture of Provence. The only stanza which does not give us or in some way pertain to a definite scene is number seven; for though the method there is pictorial, the effect is allusive. The permanence of the nightingale's song is established in a rapid series of vignettes, ending with the famous "faery lands forlorn." It is the only stanza, as some critic has remarked, which contains a statement contradictory of our sense of common reality.

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird,

he says to the nightingale, and we cannot agree. The assertion is out of form in an obvious sense, for the poem is an accumulation of pictorial situations, and the claim of immortality for the bird is dramatic and lyrical.

I am raising the question whether the metonymy which attributes to the literal nightingale the asserted immortality of the song is convincing enough to carry the whole imaginative insight of the poem. I think it is, given the limits of Keats's art, but I am

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still nagged by a difficulty that will not down. It seems to me that the ambivalence of the nightingale symbol contains almost the whole substance of the poem: the bird, as bird, shares the mortality of the world; as symbol, it purports to transcend it. And I feel that the pictorial technique has not been quite dramatic enough to give the transcendence of the symbol life in some visibly presented experience. The far more implausible, even far-fetched metaphor of the draughtsman's compasses, in Donne, comes out a little better because through a series of dialectical transformations, from the dying man to the Ptolemaic spheres, and then through the malleable gold to the compasses, there is a series of connected analogies, given us step by step. We acknowledge the identity of compasses and lovers as imaginatively possible. Keats merely *asserts:* song equals immortality; and I feel there is some disparity between the symbol and what it is expected to convey — not an inherent disparity, for such is not imaginatively conceivable, but a disparity such as we should get in the simple equation A = B, if we found that the assigned values of A and B were respectively 1 and 3.

This disparity of symbol and visible object we shall find in "Ode on a Grecian Urn," but not in "Ode to Psyche." I confess that I do not know what to do about this anomalous poem, except to admire it. There appears to me to be very little genuine *sensation* in Keats (rather what Arnold and his contemporaries mistook for sensation), but there is more of it in "Ode to Psyche" than anywhere else in the great odes. Mr. T. S. Eliot puts it first among the odes, possibly because most of its detail is genuinely experienced and because it contains no developed attitude towards life. The other odes do, and it is an attitude less mature than that which Mr. Eliot finds in the *Letters*. With this part of his view of Keats one must agree. (But it is in general a dangerous view. It is very remotely possible, for example, that some letters from Shakespeare may turn up eventually.)

At any rate, the disparity to which I have referred is doubtless connected with the common prejudice that romantic art tends not only to be pictorial but "off center" and lacking in the mastery of logical structure which we ordinarily associate with the

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maturity of Donne and Dryden or even Pope. I do not want to get into this classical-and-romantic affair, for the usual reasons, and for a reason of my own, which is that it has a way of backfiring. Mr. Eliot has said that Coleridge and Wordsworth on one side are "as eighteenth century as anybody." So is Keats. The apostrophe to the nightingale, which I have been at some pains to try to understand, is quite "eighteenth century." But it is not nearly so eighteenth century as the entire third stanza, which I shall now try to understand, assuming that what it says has a close connection with that literal part of the nightingale, the physical bird, which Keats seemed not to know what to do with (except to make it, in the last stanza, fly away). Here it is:

> Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
> What thou among the leaves hast never known,
> The weariness, the fever, and the fret
> Here where men sit and hear each other groan;
> Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
> Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
> Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
> And leaden-eyed despairs,
> Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
> Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Looked at from any point of view, this stanza is bad; the best that one ought to say of it perhaps is that there are worse things in Shelley and Wordsworth, and in Keats himself. It is bad in the same way that the passages in Shelley's "Adonaïs" which exhibit the troops of mourners are bad. Keats here is relapsing into weakened eighteenth-century rhetoric. Blake could have put into the personifications imaginative power, and Pope genuine feeling — or at any rate an elegance and vigor which would have carried them.

There is not space enough in an essay to go into this matter as it needs to be gone into. What I wish to indicate, for the consideration of more thorough readers, is that stanza three may be of the utmost significance in any attempt to understand the structure of Keats's poetry. It gives us a "picture" of common reality, in which the life of man is all mutability and frustration. But here, if anywhere in the poem, the necessity to dramatize time or the

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pressure of actuality is paramount. *Keats has no language of his own for this realm of experience.* That is the capital point. He either falls into the poetic language of the preceding age, or, if he writes spontaneously, he commits his notorious errors of taste. In either case the language is not adequate to the object — or, to put it "cognitively," he lacks a dynamic symbolism through which he may *know* the common and the ideal reality in a single imaginative act. One would like to linger upon the possible reasons for this. I suspect that evidence from another source, which I shall point out later, will be more telling than anything (even this stanza) that we can find in the odes.

The consciousness of change and decay, which can, and did in Keats, inform one of the great modes of poetry, is deeply involved with his special attitude towards sexual love. He never presents love directly and dramatically; it is in terms of Renaissance tapestry, as in "The Eve of St. Agnes"; in a fable of Italian violence, as in "Isabella"; or, most interesting of all, in terms of a little myth, Lamia the snake-woman — a symbol which permits Keats to objectify the mingled attraction and repulsion which his treatment of love usually contains. I sometimes think that for this reason "Lamia" is his best long poem: the symbol inherently contains the repulsive element, but keeps it at a distance, so that he does not have to face it in terms of common experience, his own, or as he was aware of it in his age. Is it saying too much to suppose that Keats's acceptance of the pictorial method is to a large extent connected with his unwillingness to deal with passion dramatically? (There is sensuous detail, but no sensation as direct experience, such as we find in Baudelaire.)

I need not labor a point which even the Victorian critics and biographers, almost without exception, remarked: Keats, both before and after his fatal illness (as other poets have been who were not ill at all) was filled with the compulsive image of the identity of death and the moment of love (for example, "You must be mine to die upon the rack if I want you," he wrote to Fanny Brawne); and it is only an exaggeration of emphasis to say that death and love are interchangeable terms throughout his poetry. The "ecstasy" that the nightingale pours forth contains

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the Elizabethan pun on "die" with the wit omitted, and a new semi-mystical intensity of feeling added. And is it too much to say that Keats's constant tendency was to face the moment of love only in terms of an ecstasy so intense that he should not survive it? When Lamia vanishes Lycius "dies." And this affirmation of life through death is the element that Keats "adds on to things as perceived." But life-in-death is presented pictorially, in space, as an eternal moment, not as a moment of dramatic action in time, proceeding from earlier action and looking towards its consequences.

The dialectical tension underlying "Ode to a Nightingale" seems to me incapable of resolution: first, in terms of Keats's mind as we know it from other sources; secondly, in terms of the pictorial technique which dominates the poetic method. This method, which seems to reflect a compulsive necessity of Keats's experience, allows him to present the thesis of his dilemma, the ideality of the nightingale symbol, but not the antithesis, the world of common experience which is the substance of stanza three. The "resolution" is suspended in the intensity of the images setting forth the love-death identity and reaching a magnificent climax in stanza six ("Now more than ever seems it rich to die," etc.). But the climax contains a little less than the full situation; it reaches us a little too simplified, as if Keats were telling us that the best way to live is to die, or the best way to die is to live intensely so that we may die intensely. There may be concealed here one of the oldest syntheses of Christian thought, that we die only to live; but if so, there has been a marked shrinkage in range of that conception since Donne wrote his "A Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day."

Messrs. Brooks and Warren, in their excellent if somewhat confident analysis of the Nightingale ode in *Understanding Poetry*, argue with much conviction that the dramatic frame of the poem, the painful accession to the trance in the opening lines and the return to immediate reality ("Do I wake or sleep?") at the end, provides a sufficient form. I confess that I am not sure. I am not certain of the meaning of what happens inside the frame, but at times I am not certain that it is necessary to understand it. There

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is no perfection in poetry. All criticism must in the end be comparative (this does not mean critical relativity); it must constantly refer to what poetry has accomplished in order to estimate what it can accomplish, not what it ought to accomplish: we must heed Mr. Ransom's warning that perfect unity or integration in a work of art is a critical delusion. "Ode to a Nightingale" is by any standard one of the great poems of the world. Our philosophical difficulties with it are not the same as Keats's imaginative difficulties, which pertain to the order of experience and not of reason. The poem is an emblem of one limit of our experience: the impossibility of synthesizing, in the order of experience, the antinomy of the ideal and the real. And although that antinomy strikes the human mind with a different force in different ages (Donne's dualism is not Keats's), it is sufficiently common to all men in all times to be understood.

If we glance at "Ode on a Grecian Urn," we shall see Keats trying to unify his pictorial effects by means of direct philosophical statement. "Do I wake or sleep?" at the end of the Nightingale ode asks the question: Which is reality, the symbolic nightingale, or the common world? The famous Truth-Beauty synthesis at the end of the "Grecian Urn" contains the same question, but this time it is answered. As Mr. Kenneth Burke sees it, Truth is the practical scientific world and Beauty is the ideal world above change. The "frozen" figures on the urn, being both alive and dead, constitute a scene which is at once perceptible and fixed. "This transcendent scene," says Mr. Burke, "is the level at which the earthly laws of contradiction no longer prevail." The one and the many, the eternal and the passing, the sculpturesque and the dramatic, become synthesized in a higher truth.

Much of the little that I know about this poem I have learned from Mr. Burke and Mr. Cleanth Brooks, who have studied it more closely than any other critics; and what I am about to say will sound ungrateful. I suspect that the dialectical solution is Mr. Burke's rather than Keats's, and that Mr. Brooks's "irony" and "dramatic propriety" are likewise largely his own. Mr. Brooks rests his case for the Truth-Beauty paradox on an argu-

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ment for its "dramatic propriety," but this is just what I am not convinced of. I find myself agreeing with Mr. Middleton Murry (whom Mr. Brooks quotes), that the statement is out of place "in the context of the poem itself."

I would point to a particular feature, in the last six lines of stanza four, which I feel that neither Mr. Brooks nor Mr. Burke has taken into a certain important kind of consideration. Here Keats tells us that in the background of this world of eternal youth there is another, from which it came, and that this second world has thus been emptied and is indeed a dead world:

> What little town by river or sea-shore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
> Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
> And, little town, thy streets for evermore
> Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
> Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

Mr. Burke quite rightly sees in this passage the key to the symbolism of the entire poem. It is properly the "constatation" of the tensions of the imagery. What is the meaning of this perpetual youth on the urn? One of its meanings is that it is perpetually anti-youth and anti-life; it is in fact dead, and "can ne'er return." Are we not faced again with the same paradox we had in the Nightingale ode, that the intensest life is achieved in death? Mr. Burke brings out with great skill the erotic equivalents of the life-death symbols, and for his analysis of the developing imagery throughout we owe him a great debt. Yet I feel that Mr. Burke's own dialectical skill leads him to consider the poem, when he is through with it, a philosophical discourse. But it is, if it is anything (and it is a great deal) what is ordinarily known as a work of art. Mr. Burke's elucidation of the Truth-Beauty proposition in the last stanza is the most convincing dialectically that I have seen; but Keats did not write Mr. Burke's elucidation, and I feel that the entire last stanza, except the phrase "Cold Pastoral" (which probably ought to be somewhere else in the poem) is an illicit commentary added by the poet to a "meaning" which was symbolically complete at the end of the preceding stanza, number four. Or perhaps it may be said that Keats did to some

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extent write Mr. Burke's elucidation; that may be why I feel that the final stanza (though magnificently written) is redundant and out of form.

To the degree that I am guilty with Mr. Burke of a prepossession which may blind me to the whole value of this poem (as his seems to limit his perception of possible defects), I am not qualified to criticize it. Here, towards the end of this essay, I glance back at the confession, which I made earlier, of the distance and detachment of my warmest admiration for Keats. It is now time that I tried to state the reasons for this a little more summarily — in brief, a comparison of the two fine odes that we have been considering.

Both odes are constructed pictorially in spatial blocks, for the eye to take in serially. Though to my mind this method is better suited to the subject of the "Grecian Urn," which is itself a plastic object, than to the Nightingale ode, I take the latter, in spite of the blemishes of detail (only some of which we have looked at), to be the finer poem. If there is not as much in it as in the "Grecian Urn" for the elucidation of verbal complexity, there is nowhere the radical violation of its set limits that one finds in the last stanza of the "Grecian Urn":

> Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woes
> Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
> Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

It is here that the poem gets out of form, that the break in "point of view" occurs; and if it is a return to Samuel Johnson's dislike of "Lycidas" (I don't think it is) to ask how an urn can say anything, I shall have to suffer the consequences of that view. It is Keats himself, of course, who says it; but "Keats" is here not implicit in the structure of the poem, as he is in "Ode to a Nightingale." What he says is what the mathematicians call an extrapolation, an intrusion of matter from another field of discourse, so that even if it be "true" philosophically, it is not a visible function of what the poem says. With the "dead" mountain citadel in mind, could we not phrase the message of the urn equally well as follows: Truth is *not* beauty, since even art itself

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cannot do more with death than preserve it, and the beauty frozen on the urn is also dead since it cannot move. This "pessimism" may be found as easily in the poem as Keats's comforting paradox. So I should return to the Nightingale ode for its superior *dramatic* credibility, even though the death-life antinomy is not more satisfactorily resolved than in the "Grecian Urn." The fall of the "I" of the poem into the trance-like meditation in the first stanza, and the shocked coming-to at the end, *ground* the poem in imaginable action, so that the dialectics of the nightingale symbol do not press for resolution. So I confess a reserved agreement with Brooks and Warren.

The outlines of the conflicting claims of the ideal and the actual, in Keats's mind, I have set down in this portion of my essay. I have been immediately concerned with the technical exemplification of Keats's art, yet the technical limits of an art must always if only negatively point towards the *kind* of experience which a poet is able to bring to order. That Keats's mind was "larger" than any single poem he wrote has long been a critical intuition. It has been one of the purposes of this essay to set forth a possible meaning for that intuition. I hope that other writers will give us their "meanings," and that in this way the poetry of Keats will continue to prove itself alive.

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A Hat In the Ring

John Manifold

N. Verse? Writing verse? Dear man, are you insane?
To think I used to think you had a brain!
This is not Arcady: the days are gone
When Phyllis babbled verse to Corydon.
Wake up! Queen Anne is dead, and Pope as well,
So's Burns, so's Keats, so's Byron . . . .

M. Go to hell.
Talk to your friends or rollick in a stew,
Go anywhere, but go. I've work to do.

N. You call it work? I call it waste of time
To brood and curse and mumble scraps of rhyme.
For what's to show? No publisher prevails
On press and populace to swell your sales.
Novels, I grant, and travel-books are sound,
But verse will never bring you fifty pound:
Books may be published, bought and read, it's true,
But not in verse, and not by such as you.
What sort of thing's a poet when all's said?
A gutless creature with an empty head
Given to sandals, corduroys and beard
And curious vices, too, from all I've heard.

M. Come off that tack, your case is inside out;
Poets make verse, not t'other way about;
Are you less Tory when a peer is found
Cheating th' Exchequer or the Underground?
Do you abandon business when you hear
The sentence passed upon a profiteer?
And yet you'd have me drop my own employs
Because Bombastes sleeps with little boys,
Christ, you're a fool!

© JOHN MANIFOLD is a captain in the Australian army. His poems first appeared in this country in Oscar Williams' *The War Poets*, and his first book, *Selected Verse*, is being published this spring.

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N. Maybe; it's not a crime.
But what's the use of verse at any time?

M. You use it all the time — to rest your brains
You pinch from Pope and mangle Gray's quatrains,
You sing the stuff at Christmas and New Year
And wallow in it when you're full of beer.
I've seen you moved to frenzy when you heard
A limerick rhyming on a bawdy word,
And weeping with emotion when they sing
At patriotic functions "Save the King."
You clap and cheer the man who knows by heart
"Eskimo Nell" and "Lady Jane the Tart,"
And get more pleasure from them at a guess
Than from the films, the wireless or the press.
It has been said and will be said again,
"The typewriter is mightier than the Bren";
Perhaps I have to emphasize for you
First, that it scans, and second, that it's true.

N. That's neat enough. But let them speak themselves,
Those pretty volumes standing on your shelves —
Those of the day, the ones who "boldly cope
With modern problems"; who "enlarge the scope
Of consciousness," (I read the best reviews) —
Please let me see them do it; pick one; choose.

M. Delve where one may, the yield's about as good
As diamonds in clay or gold in mud: —
Here's the Apocalypse, so-called, and there
That tough old fairy Walter de la Mare;
There Delphic Thomas rages on his stool,
There Gaffer Pound still acts the aging fool
Ochred and peevish in his motley dress
Of Chinese proverbs, French and fractiousness;
Here's Blut-und-Boden Lawrence, here at hand
A. P. (for Pangloss) Herbert's ballads stand;
Here simple Spender in a place apart
Bares on his sleeve his haemophilic heart;
Dribble by drip the pinkish flow proceeds —
Oh squeeze it Mister Spender! Thar she bleeds!
Long since, a Sweet Young Thing, he staked his claim.
His vein a gusher proved, he rose to fame,
Postured in public with a nudist's smile,
Outbled a pig, outwept a crocodile;
First with the mode and duly quick to please
He spread like smut on crops or mites on cheese,

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Till half the Press submitted to his reign
And soft contagion ran through all their train.
Now in degenerate prose, not verse alone,
He rapes (as formerly he bayed) the moon;
Now, as a critic, shows for all to see
Shelley and Whitman were the same as he.
The passing years brought little change of plan —
The Sweet Young Thing became a Grand Old Man.
But as boloney, slice it where you will,
Remains boloney, pure boloney still,
So he continues and his constant theme
Is this unpleasant moist and sticky stream.
So much for him. And here the rabble grows
Which must elucidate its verse in prose;
Those who were sad at school, and ever since
Have learnt no tactic but to weep and wince;
Those whose sub-consciousnesses need spring-cleaning
And those who Blunden round about a meaning;
Those whom this age disgusts and those it bores
Who flee to childhood, Yoga, foreign shores . . . .

N. You give me points enough.

M. I give you none.
You ask for poets — take a look at one:
Right by your hand the single volume lies
Of one I knew courageous, strong and wise;
One of the few through all the years of shame
Who reconciled me to my English name,
Man-sized and tough and full of guts and pride
He lived and loved and fought like hell and died;
Cornford, who spoke like an exploding shell;
To mind and fingers and the heart as well;
Bare, bitter with the truth, not posed, not slick,
Here's verse that's more than good — it's Bolshevik!

N. He was so young . . . .

M. You mean that by degrees
He might have mellowed into writing "Trees"?
The Young! Hell's fire, as if an artist froze
And held a hundred years a single pose!
That style's the man has seldom been contested —
The self-styled Young are mentally arrested.
Well, I am not the Young, nor do I claim
To speak in theirs or any age's name.
Young I may be, but younger learnt my trade:
People are born, but poets must be made.

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To earn his keep, a poet has to be
Himself, his age, and his society;
Not bawling run to Nature for relief,
Nor seal his ears and eyes with selfish grief,
Nor yet make self-expression all his goal,
Nor try too hard to save or lose his soul,
Not live in libraries but on the streets
On equal terms with any man he meets.
I'd have him active, social, not apart,
Bold in his thought, proficient in his art,
Apt from his audience to accept his form,
Game to compose and eager to perform,
Close to his listeners — within shouting reach —
Alert to fit their mood with song or speech,
Quick on the draw and good at the guitar
As Lorca was.

N. And you believe you are?

M. Not yet, but shall be one day, and meanwhile
I live my life and let it shape my style.
If thus a poet lives, you may depend
No self-important Book Club stands his friend,
No Fairy Ring surrounds his person, no
Art-smart suburban buys his books for show;
Unpraised, unscathed by broadcast or review,
He foils the Foyles and shames the devil too.
But — quote his work in pubs, and none will jeer;
Declaimed on May Day he makes hundreds cheer,
Sung on the march, where parody, not thanks,
Greets pompous stuff, he unifies the ranks;
Drunks choose his silly songs, his limericks please —
And what's a pedant's praise compared to these?
Change names and places, such a man by turns
Is Henry Lawson, Lorca, Brecht or Burns,
Or becomes part of him the critics call
"Anon," the greatest poet of them all.
Personal fame derives from paltry means,
Is earned by gangsters, peers and beauty-queens;
Leave it to such. A decent verse will thrive
Uncumbered by an author dead or live,
While of our modern poets so polite
All know the names but few know what they write.
In spite of all, good poems prosper still;
Where Reds foregather, there you'll hear "Joe Hill";
Or ask the Army — plenty can repeat
With bitter relish "Sixty Cubic Feet";

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With "Cucaracha" Villa rides again,
And "Banjo" fires Australia's fighting-men.
(Don't quote the BBC to prove me wrong,
Whose misconception of our battle-song
Perverts the cadence, b——s up the time,
And adds to England's record one more crime.)
No man exists but song can touch his mind
And make him proudly conscious of his kind.
You who consider song so slight and frail,
Tell me why Erich Mühsamm went to gaol,
Or when Jack Donahue was safely hung
Why it was made a crime to have him sung.
Suppose — it's just as easy as it seems —
The paper shortage reaches the extremes;
Suppose no papers, or at most a sheet
Of Government news, no posters in the street,
No books for sale, and all the old destroyed:
Would poets then or prose-men be employed?
What lives except the quick repeated rhyme?
And that's what did occur, in Mayakovsky's time.
Verse is the chain of words in which to bind
The things we wish most often brought to mind.
Think of an ore new-fossicked, sparse and crude,
Stamped out and minted it will buy your food,
Cajole a mistress, soften the police,
Raise a revolt or win ignoble peace,
Corrupt or strengthen, sunder or rejoin;
Words are the quartz, but poetry's the coin.
Guerrilla words, the flying pasquinade,
The slogan-epigram's stiletto blade,
The loud Come-all-ye to a ballad air,
The declamation in the crowded square,
The spoken sonnet, eloquent and terse:
These are the proper marks for adult verse;
No job for "wonder-children" but most fit
To show Invention, Eloquence and Wit.
And yield that best reward the poet needs —
To know his Words result in worthy Deeds.

N. Why then, you've worn me down, and I can see
From your expression that the drink's on me;
So prove your point and move me — to the bar —
With verse.

M. Too easy. Reach me the guitar.

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The Scholar-Teacher

Hoxie Neale Fairchild

THE graduate school of a university is clearly an appropriate habitat for the productive scholar, since the sole function of a university, in the proper sense of that term, is scholarly research combined with some training of apprentice scholars. Special problems arise, however, when the scholar is a member of the faculty of an undergraduate liberal arts college. Has the scholar any business to be a college teacher?

It may be felt that the question answers itself. From the colleges of Harvard, Yale and Columbia down to the obscurest little rustic institution, there is hardly a president or dean who does not point with pride to a faculty teeming with productive scholars of the first rank. When a new instructor is to be appointed, or when a promotion is under consideration, the first query is almost invariably, "Is he a good scholar? What (that is, how many pages) has he published?" At first glance one would infer that the terms "college teacher" and "productive scholar" were synonymous.

But if one lays one's ear to the ground one can detect the rumblings of a counter-tendency. It is at work among students, faculty members, and administrators; and it is spreading throughout the non-academic public on which both private and tax-supported colleges depend for their existence. More and more people are saying that the trouble with higher education is the lack of vital, inspiring teaching. The importance of scholarship, we are told, has been exaggerated, while good teaching has been

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despised and neglected. The children ask for bread, and we give them a stone. The villain of the academic tragedy is Dr. Dryasdust, who thinks his minute specialty the sum of human knowledge, detests his students, and drones away hour after hour without lifting his eyes from his pile of stale notes.

The primary duty of a person employed on the instructional staff of a college is to teach his subject faithfully and well. The scholar who teaches in a college merely to subsidize his personal researches is literally obtaining money under false pretenses. There are a few such saboteurs, and nothing can be said in their favor. The movement to enhance the prestige of effective teaching deserves support. The notion that every college teacher must be a productive scholar has been equally bad for scholarship and for teaching. In the first place, there are never enough scholars in the whole world to staff the faculties of 5 per cent of our American colleges; in the second place, there are kinds and levels of college teaching for which research scholarship is of very slight importance. The value of skillful teaching should be more fully recognized than it usually is at present; a better price should be paid for it; and it should be less grudgingly rewarded with honorific titles. But since scholarship can play a very useful part in certain areas of college teaching, it is unfortunate that the growing tendency to champion the teacher is so often associated with a tendency to attack the scholar. A rising tide of sentimental anti-intellectualism may submerge the teaching which it seeks to foster, along with the scholarship which it seeks to depreciate.

Our insistence that the hundreds of colleges now struggling for survival shall be staffed by thousands of exceptionally able teachers is of course a trifle naïve. Unusual ability has a stubborn way of remaining unusual. The teaching profession enlists large numbers of vivid, civilized, intelligent gentlefolk with a genuine passion for the things of the mind. But it also holds a fatal fascination for prigs, bluffs, drones, bores and cranks. With the possible exception of the Christian ministry, there is no profession in which the inferior can more easily persuade themselves that they are superior; no profession in which the lazy, once established in their positions, can do less actual work without getting

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into trouble; no profession in which the neurotic can more cozily escape from reality in the illusion of serving mankind.

But granting that there are too many poor teachers in our colleges, how many of them are poor teachers because they are scholars? It would be difficult to establish a causal connection between productive scholarship and unproductive teaching. Not enough scholarship is being carried on in the American college to provide a sufficient explanation of the shortcomings of the teacher, and one certainly cannot say that the colleges least distinguished for their scholarship are most distinguished for the excellence of their instruction. Probably the true causes of academic failure are defects of personality from which the scholar is not exempt but which are by no means peculiar to him. When the incompetents are blamed for not being good teachers, they reply that they would be excellent teachers if they were not so devoted to scholarship; when they are blamed for not being good scholars, they reply that they would be excellent scholars if they were not so absorbed in teaching. Meanwhile, the truth is that they are neither real teachers nor real scholars, but simply uninteresting people.

Since the Ph.D. is becoming a scapegoat for the sins of higher education, it is well to remind ourselves that while a great many stupid people obtain Ph.D.'s, the degree itself has never transformed an intelligent person into a stupid one. The present debased status of the doctorate is caused by the capitulation of the university to the impossible demand for a huge annual crop of brilliant scholars. The great majority of candidates for the doctorate merely wish to qualify for a better teaching position, and it is known that barely one quarter of those who obtain the degree do any further scholarly work once the ordeal is over. In any case the prevalence of ineffective teachers who have acquired Ph.D.'s implies nothing as to the relation between scholarship and teaching, since the terms "Doctor of Philosophy" and "productive scholar," while not yet mutually exclusive, are very far from being coextensive.

As a sort of corollary to the reaction against scholarship, one hears much nostalgic talk about the benign old fatherly professor,

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now surviving only in Hollywood, who didn't teach you anything in particular but who had such a delightful personality that he gave you a lovely vague inspiration. This is mere sentimentalism. Any teacher with a little histrionic ability can become hugely popular by slinging his personality about the classroom, but it does not follow that his teaching is of any educative value. There was once a very brilliant teacher who responded so warmly to his students' admiration for his personality that he stopped giving courses in English literature and began to give courses in himself. This material was soon exhausted, and the man became a notorious quack. The only really interesting teachers are those who can interest the student in learning something worth knowing. On the average, the teaching scholar's personality is not likely to be more colorless than that of the pure teacher, and his devotion to subject-matter will sometimes preserve him from the dangers which beset the classroom evangelist.

I remember that in my undergraduate days I suffered less from the real scholars on the faculty than from the expert drillmasters whose only concern was to see that I mastered the contents of textbooks. I suffered even more acutely, however, from the broad, breezy, wholesome, ever-so-human "regular fellers," who were filled with a vast and horrible enthusiasm not about learning but about me, and who tried so earnestly to get right down to my level that they managed to get a trifle below it. Students who have any serious interest in a subject usually prefer to be taught by men and women who are making fresh contributions to the knowledge of that subject. They like to be in the workshop of a craftsman, to glimpse horizons which lie beyond the limits of the course, to feel that the subject is alive and growing, and that they themselves may help to make it grow. The scholar in turn responds with keen pleasure to the eagerness of students who deserve to be in college, and he gives them of his best. Most of the world's great scholars have left behind them a reputation as great teachers.

But to say that all scholars teach well would be no less absurd than to say that all scholars teach badly. The cheat who neglects his students for the sake of his private researches has already been condemned. There is also the shy investigator who, though

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not lacking in conscientiousness, cannot hold the attention of a group of restless youngsters; and there is the specialist who cannot take a broad view of his subject or adapt his erudition to the needs of undergraduates. Such scholars may be worth saving as academic window-dressing, but they are of little use as college teachers. Contrary to the popular impression, they are seldom extremely good scholars. They are considerably less numerous than the non-scholarly failures whose work is ineffective for other reasons. It is well to remember, also, that the growing disapproval of specialization may easily go too far. We have learned to smile at the pedant who "knows more and more about less and less," but the curse of the postwar college is likely to be the "integrator" who knows less and less about more and more.

Although the scholar is often an enthusiastic teacher, he seldom aspires to be deeply versed in the mysteries of pedagogy. He dislikes questionnaires which try to give a spurious objectivity to the imponderable. His gorge rises when he examines the curriculum of the teachers' college:

237. History, philosophy and psychology of the window-pole.
242. The teaching of window-pole skills in the junior high school.
245. The teaching of window-pole skills to retarded pupils.
326. Seminar: the place of the window-pole in an air-conditioned civilization.

The scholar's distaste for such pompous inflation of the obvious sometimes tempts him to teach as inexpertly as possible, lest he should be taken for an "educator." Allowance should be made, however, for the fact that respectable scholars, who hate to be caught aglow with inspirational enthusiasm, often growl about their teaching as if they liked it much less than they actually do. One recalls the story of a famous professor, in charge of a small specialized department, who said that at last he had got rid of his one assistant, and now if he could only get rid of his students he would have quite a decent department. But this whimsical outburst came from a man whose students adored him and who taught much too well to have any real dislike of teaching.

The technical devices of classroom teaching, though less important on the college level than in primary and secondary education,

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are certainly worth knowing; and the scholar is sometimes inclined to underestimate their usefulness. He may even commit the great sin of naming the student before he asks the question. Although he is sometimes very skillful in his use of the discussion method, he is perhaps a little too fond of lecturing. He has not become thoroughly converted to the modern dogma that if thirty individual students are completely ignorant of a subject, their combined ignorance, expressed by them with happy freedom and vivacity, constitutes knowledge of the subject.

But these shortcomings may be counterbalanced by the infectiousness of his enthusiasm for learning. The temperamental cleavage between the pedagogue and the scholar obscures the fact that the ideals of scholarship are closely akin to those of the best present-day pedagogy. The scholar learns by doing. He educates himself by means of projects in which he studies the general, in and through the particular. His work is motivated by a strong personal interest: it is his very own, and he does it because he wants to do it. For him, learning is not a matter of absorbing a static traditional body of facts and rules; it is an adventure, a quest, a constantly growing organic process, a creative activity. He is interested not only in knowledge, but in the techniques by which knowledge is obtained. If we get beneath all the inflated verbiage about window-pole skills, we find that these are cardinal principles of good modern pedagogy. A man whose personal studies are governed by these ideals should not be a serious liability in the classroom.

The scholar's devotion to his own researches is not incompatible with a high degree of interest in his students as possible sharers with him in the joy of learning. Friendships based on a solid intellectual bond between teacher and student are likely to be sweeter and more lasting than those nourished merely by the milk of human kindness, which so easily turns sour. Admittedly, however, the scholar regards the pursuit of truth, both in and out of the classroom, as more interesting and important than the pursuit of any individual boy or girl. For this, fond parents may find it hard to forgive him. I know how they feel, for I am a father as well as a scholar. I am glad that my twelve-year-old

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daughter is a student in what we have learned to call a "child-centered school." But she is certainly not going to live in a child-centered world, and so I rely on the college to help me in giving her realism and humility, in showing her that she belongs in a universe which infinitely transcends her own little impulses and notions and powers.

The transition of course should be gradual; and the American college, precisely because it is so strange a mixture of secondary school and institution of higher learning, is well suited to form a bridge from immaturity to maturity. I hope that when my daughter goes to college she will find in freshman and perhaps even in sophomore year some kind and able teachers who will continue to coddle her a little, while giving her some fundamental information. But I also hope that by junior year at the very latest she will be confronted by a scholar who thinks that John Milton is much more interesting than Anne Fairchild, and who uses all his knowledge, all his enthusiasm, all the power of his personality, to convince her of that fact. He will refuse to tell her how many lines to read for the next class, and he will not care in the least whether she does her work or not, though he will do *his* work with faithfulness and skill. He will set a very high standard; he will give her plenty of rope; and he will hold her completely responsible for the use that she makes of it. He will be her friend for life if she deserves it, and he will ignore her completely if she does not. If she responds to this challenge, she should be able to lead the life of a mature person in the real world. If she is crushed by it, she was never worth educating in the first place.

"The student comes first" is a popular slogan among those who hold that scholarship has been glorified at the expense of teaching. Let us heartily accept this standard, but let us interpret it to mean that we should think first of what the student *needs*. He needs a sense of loyalty and reverence toward a real objective world of impersonal truth, and he will therefore benefit from contact with scholars, in whom this loyalty and reverence are particularly deep, austere and compelling. At last the educational process reaches a stage where we should say, "For the student's own sake, the pursuit of knowledge comes first." It is precisely

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at this point that education makes its final contribution, not merely to the shaping of a human mind, but to the shaping of a human soul. It is profoundly true that "He that loseth his life shall find it," and on a very humble level the scholar's devotion of his whole personality to an impersonal aim is a reflection of this truth. The pure teacher is often a more selfless person than the scholar, but his concern with the self of the student is so direct and warm and obvious that he is more useful in the earlier than in the later stages of the student's development from the complete egocentricity of the young animal into the relatively non-egotistic personality of the mature human being.

In short the scholar as such is not primarily responsible for the shortcomings of American higher education. On the contrary, he makes a valuable contribution to college teaching. The postwar college which desires to foster intellectual distinction in its students for their own good and for the good of democratic civilization will secure as many scholars as it can get — provided always that they are scholars of the sort who are able and willing to teach.

Having secured some scholars of this kind, the college may well consider more carefully than it sometimes does how best to foster their special abilities and avoid the consequences of their limitations. Not very surprisingly, the scholar teaches more happily and hence more efficiently in relatively advanced courses which are not too remote from his own interests. Good students usually like him and benefit from his instruction; mediocre students are rather puzzled by him, but are grateful for their obvious C's; very bad students regard him with a mixture of bewilderment and loathing. It seems wise to give him a maximum amount of what he can do and a minimum amount of what he cannot do. The scholar employed by a college does not expect the conditions which surround the research professor in a university graduate school. He knows that his primary job is one of teaching, and that his personal researches must be carried on in spare hours of the academic year, in summer vacations, and during sabbatical leaves. But since his particular kind of teaching is nourished and vitalized by his studies, the more obstacles placed in the way of his scholarship the more his teaching will suffer. If the college

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gives him a heavy, monotonous program consisting wholly or largely of elementary courses, adds a last-straw burden of committee chores and miscellaneous good works, and insists that he continue to be "productive," it cannot expect to receive an adequate return on its investment. The man's teaching will become mere hack work; and his scholarship, if it does not disappear entirely, will shrink to a trickle of feeble little notes and reviews. American colleges should pride themselves less on their ability to buy scholars and more on their ability to use them wisely once they have been bought. Under the proper conditions, however, there is essential harmony rather than essential conflict between classroom and study, and the scholar can work very happily and fruitfully as a college teacher.

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The Passing of the Passenger Pigeon

A Lesson in Biological Survival

Ludlow Griscom

WE LIVE in an era in which birds are "protected" legally throughout the country, and more and more people are becoming conservation-minded. Many of them may not remember the early years of the century, when utterly different conditions prevailed. In those days a substantial class of commercial hunters made a living by killing or capturing a large variety of birds for sport, food, the millinery trade and other purposes. Large birds were regarded as natural targets by hunters and vacation tourists; small boys learned to shoot by practicing on the robins and other song birds on the parental lawn; and desperately poor, lower-class immigrants eked out a miserable living by means of blackbird pies and young night heron stews. The result was the extinction of several birds and the decimation of bounteous wild-life resources. Nearly one hundred species were either close to extinction or at least "vanishing."

Thoughtful people who deplored these things initiated a campaign of protection. Popular education and sentimental appeals roused a supine public and forced the passage of a long series of state and national laws. One of the earlier premises was that the decrease of various birds was primarily due to slaughter by human beings. The extinction of the passenger pigeon was widely used as an illustration. We now know that this premise is correct only in part. Certain adequately protected birds have continued to decrease just the same. It transpires that survival or extinc-

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tion usually depends upon several or a complicated series of factors. Each living species of animal, and the total number of individuals composing it, represent ages of evolution, a perfectly adjusted balance between favorable and unfavorable factors. Most birds are adaptable to changing conditions; a very few are so specialized that the sudden arrival of *new* or *additional* unfavorable factors insures their doom.

The passenger pigeon furnishes an ideal example for several reasons. No other bird on earth in the human era has existed in such spectacular multitudes, in which respect it rivalled the insect world. One might consequently suppose that it would be the last bird to become extinct, even though the known statistics of its mass slaughter for commercial purposes are equally prodigious. Finally, the details of its life history are sufficiently well known so that we can state with some assurance that it had a long list of biological "defects" or "specializations," every one of them potentially dangerous to any bird possessing them.

In the early decades of the last century the wild pigeon existed in enormous flocks that wandered over the country from winter roosts to summer nesting areas, the chief factor being an adequate food supply. These flocks were one of the great wonders of the natural world. During migration the birds flew with great swiftness (forty to sixty miles per hour) in a front about a mile wide. There were countless flocks *200-300 miles long*, which took all day to pass a given point. The sun was obscured as by an eclipse, the air reeked with "pigeon smell," and the roar of wings could be heard from four to six miles away. Wilson estimated that such a flock required at least seventeen million bushels of acorns and nuts per day. The largest flock on record was noted by Audubon in 1813, in Kentucky. He happened to leave Henderson one autumn day as a great flight began. He reached Louisville, 55 miles away, by sunset. During all this time the pigeons were passing in undiminished numbers. This flight lasted for *three days*. Audubon assumed that the flock averaged a mile wide, that the pigeons flew at the rate of a mile a minute, and that there were two pigeons to the square yard. This worked out to 1,115,000,000 pigeons every three hours!

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The winter and nesting roosts were scenes of indescribable uproar and confusion. As new flocks arrived and attempted to alight in already crowded trees, limbs gave way with a crash, killing hundreds of birds or precipitating nests, eggs and squabs to the ground. Every beast and bird of prey of the continent gathered to feast on the dead and dying. The forest would be killed outright by the square mile and the ground became white with excrement. Each pigeon laid only one egg, rarely two, and the nest was so flimsy that it readily collapsed.

Used to prodigious mortality under primeval conditions, wild pigeons kept right on doing what they had once begun. They continued to arrive at a nesting forest even if it was set on fire. On migration they followed the leaders into a fog, into a blizzard. If the line of flight just cleared a hill top, all people had to do was to stand there waving poles, until they had killed as many as they chose. Blind instinct appears to have driven them like a swarm of locusts or army ants on the march.

Passenger pigeons were delicious eating and constituted a natural and normal food supply for the Indians and the earliest colonists. In the nineteenth century, the big city markets were insatiable. Even in the late 70's, New York could absorb 100 barrels a day for weeks, without a break in the price. Each barrel contained from forty to fifty-five dozen birds. By 1860 there were 400–1000 "pigeoners" or netters, who pursued the great flocks from state to state, throughout the year, aided by the new railroads and telegraph lines. In the early 70's, one such flock was subjected to three "killings" in one year. It nested in Missouri in April, then flew to Michigan, and finally in July tried to nest again in Ulster County, New York.

The last great nesting (and the last great "killing") in history was near Petoskey, Michigan, in 1878. The nesting area was forty miles long by three to ten miles wide and covered 100,000 acres, while the feeding area was much greater than this. Over *300 tons* of pigeons were sent to various city markets! The wild pigeon had already virtually disappeared from the Atlantic states; after this, it rapidly decreased in the interior. For reasons which we shall never exactly know, smaller groups of pigeons ap-

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parently never nested successfully, and the bird seemed incapable of overcoming its prodigiously developed gregarious instincts.

Let us now attempt a summary of the factors involved in the extinction of the passenger pigeon. More rashly, perhaps, I shall attempt to arrange them in an order of approximate importance. A generation ago it was universally held that large-scale slaughter by man for commercial purposes was primarily responsible. I fear this is unsound biology.

1. The primary cause for the passing of the passenger pigeon was its own specialized habits and a long list of biological "defects." Its low egg-laying capacity, flimsy nest, and herd instinct in migration are three minor ones. Its spectacular gregariousness was disastrous in two respects. The huge flocks could not be overlooked by the bird's enemies, and no effort was made to avoid them. In a primeval wilderness their ravages were overcome by sheer weight of numbers. Every nesting automatically involved an appalling mortality of adults and young and a waste of eggs, caused by the habits of the bird itself. The final "defect" of this pigeon was its inability to learn anything new; it could not change its habits to meet the pressure of new and unfavorable conditions or dangers.

2. It follows from the above that a primeval wilderness was a prerequisite for survival. There would have had to be thousands of unbroken square miles of beech and oak forest in a nesting reservation, and another equally great winter roosting area, for one flock of passenger pigeons to have been conserved for posterity. It has never been sufficiently emphasized that the inevitable advances of human civilization which involved the destruction of the primeval forests, would have proved fatal to this pigeon, even if its flesh had been rank, unpalatable and of no commercial value.

3. The outrageous slaughter of pigeons by skilled professionals from 1860 on merely hastened their inevitable doom. Unfortunately, it was just as easy to kill the last birds in the 1890's as it was for the Pilgrims to kill the first 250 years earlier. In this stretch of time the passenger pigeon had learned nothing, evolved no defensive adaptation.

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Warrant for these judgments may be found by comparison with other North American birds. Civilization destroyed the northern forests without endangering a single other species; only three or four were seriously reduced in numbers. Other birds, too, had the habit of nesting in great colonies or rookeries, and this habit is fatal in settled districts. These birds gradually learned to abandon it. The night heron is an outstanding example. Formerly all the night herons in the northeast nested in four to six great rookeries, which could not escape detection and persecution. There were three in eastern Massachusetts. Today, an army of 100 observers would not suffice to locate in one season all the scattered pairs and groups in this state. The net result is that a large and conspicuous bird is more abundant and widely distributed than ever before.

The canvasback duck was mercilessly hunted by skilled professionals from 1860 to 1910, while a fair percentage of its southern breeding range was destroyed, as advancing civilization drained the prairie sloughs and lakes. Moreover, in prehistoric times the total maximum number of canvasbacks in existence could hardly have equalled the multitudes in one flock of passenger pigeons. While admittedly greatly reduced in numbers, the canvasback was never in danger of extinction. Why? First and foremost, the genius of man simply could not kill it in sufficiently large numbers, try as hard as he would. The canvasback at once became shy, wary, and "clever." No matter what new device for its destruction was thought up, an adequate number of these ducks learned to avoid it in one season. Moreover, the canvasback was remarkably prolific, and did not require an uninhabited wilderness in which to nest. Finally, a large number of pairs could nest in the rushes of a favorable lake without killing each other and destroying each other's eggs. Who can deny that these "assets" helped this bird to survive outrageous persecution?

In every known case of extinction, man has been to blame in one way or another. In no known case has man been solely to blame. Nature is cold, ruthless and impersonal. Biologically speaking, "nothing succeeds like success." Mankind himself had better not forget it.

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Poems

Helen Bevington

THE MAN FROM PORLOCK

The man knocked strongly at the door
And listened for the step within,
Then pounded louder than before.
Either the fellow was not in,

Or must be loony, or asleep.
But Porlock was a goodish way
And rocky lay the path and steep.
A man had work to do that day.

He pushed the latch, revealing where
The fellow sat, awake and still,
And scrawled upon a paper there.
The man from Porlock took it ill.

He cried his errand. Silently
The other heard and dropped his pen
And bore the tale, while fretfully
The man recited it again.

The man from Porlock left the place
To do the work he had to do.
And fear was on the other's face,
Who had returned from Xanadu.

And fear was in the other's eyes.
For he on honey-dew had fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.
And now the song was quieted.

© HELEN BEVINGTON's poems have appeared frequently in *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. A volume of her verses will be published in November.

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SWEET LAND OF PANTISOCRACY

On the green banks of the river,
By the Susquehanna stream,
Robert Southey meant to labor,
S. T. Coleridge meant to dream.

Near the pewee's cry, the flicker
In the willows, where the loon
Would affright the sisters Fricker
Of a summer afternoon,

In Utopia eternal,
Robert Southey meant to dwell
On the principle fraternal.
S. T. Coleridge did as well.

Fed on poetry and manna
From a large communal dish,
Sharing from the Susquehanna
What was edible in fish,

Fat on locusts there and honey
In the reedy wilderness,
Had they found the passage money
When the sisters murmured yes,

Poet Southey, the immortal
Coleridge then had wandered free,
Singing of the Susquehanna
And of Pantisocracy.

Yet the population thicker
Never grew along that shore
To include the sisters Fricker. —
As Lake poets evermore

By a less fraternal water,
By a more narcotic stream,
Robert Southey went to labor,
S. T. Coleridge went to dream.

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WALRUSES

Of walruses I never tire,
Perambulant or stilled.
Of all mammalia to admire,
They are least structural in build,
Wetter than I require,

Absurd in retrospect. And yet
My prejudice is clear,
Since toward professors I have met,
With whiskered muzzles as austere,
I feel affectionate.

JOHN CHESTER

"I would be John Chester,"
Says Hazlitt. — Of the three
Who walked from Nether Stowey
Past Dunster on the sea,
Two and the mighty Coleridge,
His light-winged words set free,
The stillest was John Chester.
He listened, quietly.

From that torrential fancy
No sheltering had they
Through Minehead on to Linton.
Soliloquy by day,
By darkness overtaken
Digressed their life away.
And mildly walked John Chester
And had no word to say.,

Yet naturally I wonder
What more he might have done,
Watching the sea gulls wheeling,
Marking the vanished sun.
John Chester only listened
When Coleridge had begun.
And I would be John Chester,
And so would anyone.

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WONDERFUL WOMAN, AUNT MARY EMERSON

One taste we have in common, she and I.
"Be still," Aunt Mary Emerson used to cry,
"I want to hear the men talk." "Hark," she'd say.
And all the buzzing females of her day
Reduced to silence, then her eyes would glisten.
Like me, Aunt Mary Emerson loved to listen.

Nor was it what she heard, as I suspect,
Possessed though she appears of intellect.
Aunt Mary simply hankered for the ride
Through many an undetermined countryside,
Where by herself she might more safely roam,
Trusting in God to find the way back home.

Adroitly to her credit, in her time
She flourished in a chill, ethereal clime
On talk both visionary and immense
For which she showed a dogged preference.
Whether or not Aunt Mary caught the gist,
She *did* enjoy a Transcendentalist.

"Be still!" she barked. Then gabbing wives were mute,
And if the air grew rarefied, dilute,
She never called an evening better spent
In parlor games and general merriment.
Thus, not alone by saving breath, Aunt Mary
Waxed full of years, and wise, and literary.

Alas for me, that men should tend to fix
Their fine garrulity on politics,
On practical affairs, on twice-told wit.
I wonder that delight can come of it,
And if Aunt Mary Emerson now would blush
For one who cries, with large expectance, "Hush."

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Jonathan Swift, the Disenchanter

Ruby V. Redinger

When Swift was a young man and secretary to Sir William Temple, he wrote a poem on his patron's illness and recovery that sounds the keynote to his life and major satires. Although not revealing the cause, this poem describes the young poet's revelation that the Muse, upon which he had thought he was dependent for inspiration (and which indeed figures largely in the preceding poems), never had a being of its own and is

> But a wild form dependent on the brain,
> Scatt'ring loose features o'er the optic vein.

The poet frees himself from the tyranny of illusion.

> . . . from this hour
> I here renounce thy visionary pow'r;
> And since thy essence on my breath depends,
> Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

Swift not only continued to renounce the visionary powers that threatened his own grasp upon reality, but he directed his irony to expose the illusions of others.

To Swift, the cause of illusion was man's failure to recognize the limitations of his own nature — or, in the terminology of his age, Pride, generally agreed to be the "universal passion" and Classic Vice. To us, with our penchant for psychological character-analysis, this is equal to saying nothing; but in Swift's time it was a convenient concept to cover the whole shifting pattern of personality drives. Swift watched pride-driven man make a fool of himself and betray his own nature, or, as the homely lines in "On Poetry: A Rhapsody" express it:

> A Dog by Instinct turns aside
> Who sees the Ditch too deep and wide.
> But Man we find the only Creature,
> Who, led by Folly, fights with Nature.

Swift survives to us chiefly as Ironist, not because his non-ironic work is unimportant, but because his ironic depiction of the folly of pride yields us "truths" not to be found elsewhere. Although it does not add to our factual knowledge, it clarifies the discrepancies that lurk among the ideas already possessed. His irony does not always reach this height, for not all follies deserve the white light of illumination that Swift released upon serious betrayals of man's nature. He was selective in his choice of victims, much in the manner of his Jove in the verse-fantasy "On the Day of Judgment": when all men have gathered around him awaiting his final judgment, Jove scornfully reveals their presumption:

> I to such Blockheads set my Wit!
> I damn such Fools! — Go, go, you're bit.

Pride explained a wide range of conduct. Perhaps the most common kind (and the most conventional object of eighteenth-century satire) was Affectation, or man's pretending to be what he is not, although secretly aware of the discrepancy. Affectation irritated Swift, but it did not evoke his greatest irony. In exposing it, he aimed at pure ridicule, and therefore used the simplest technique of irony: deliberate dissimulation. When, for example, he desired to poke fun at a pompous astrologer, he simply made a series of predictions in the manner of his

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victim, but carefully exaggerated them so that the chosen few could perceive the ridicule. Such irony depends upon its exclusiveness; it is, in fact, a kind of conspiracy between the writer and his intimates made superior by virtue of their comprehension of the object of irony. The reader of this kind of irony is safe in proportion to his feeling at one with the writer. When he flounders and gropes for the meaning, or when he feels vaguely that the ironist has a warped viewpoint, he had better beware: he is probably already bearing the brunt of the irony!

The large body of Swift's Bickerstaffian irony — as we may call his light pieces in both prose and poetry done in the manner of the Bickerstaff pamphlets that efficiently dealt with the astrologer — indicates that he thoroughly enjoyed experimenting with the mechanics of his technique. Results came from him in profusion — broadsheet ballads, bawdy verses, political lampoons, parodies, miscellaneous verses intended only for the eyes of intimate friends. These represent the relaxed moments of a harassed life. In them, Swift was doing what in writing of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* he defined as one legitimate end of satire — "laughing with a few friends in a corner."

Despite its arrogance and disdain, this type of irony is chained to the very object which it ridicules. Its life being dependent upon the recognition of that object, it necessarily loses all significance when what it ridicules is no longer of interest to man. It may, of course, continue a vestigial life because of unusual felicity of expression, or it may survive as a period-piece, valuable to the specialist and as padding for the classroom anthology. Bickerstaffian irony had every reason to die the natural death of its kind. It lives on, however, sustained by the reputation of its creator and swelling out of all proportion with reflected and unearned fame.

To reduce the time-space limitations of Bickerstaffian irony, Swift developed a technique of irony that did not demand particular objects. We find evidence of it in a part of the *Battle of the Books*, Swift's contribution to the Ancient-Modern controversy, into which he was drawn through Temple's enthusiastic but unscholarly appreciation of the Phalaris Epistles. When Bentley presented sound evidence that the Epistles are spurious and therefore not the true illustration of Ancient wit that Temple had indicated, Swift gave his patron literary support in the form of an allegory. The mock-heroic battle between the animated Ancient and Modern books hardly transcends Bickerstaffian irony, but the dialogue between a spider and a bee reveals a different kind of irony.

The spider admits that it lives on its own entrails, while the bee is sustained by honey drawn from the flowers in far-flung fields. The spider is symbolic of the Moderns, who, in the course of the controversy, boasted not only their superiority over the Ancients, but their independence of them. The accepted view of the Ancients as turning directly to nature for knowledge (their preserved rules thus being "Nature methodized") is represented by the bee. "So that in short," says the bee,

> The Question comes all to this: Whether it is the Nobler Being of the two, That which by a lazy Contemplation of four Inches round; by an overweening Pride, which feeding and engendering on it self, turns all into Excrement and Venom, producing nothing at all, but Flybane and a Cobweb: Or that, which, by an universal Range, with long Search, much Study, true Judgment, and Distinction of Things, brings home Honey and Wax.

Because these symbols have grown out of an abstraction, the specific aspects of the controversy do not intrude. Even the controversy in general need not be in the reader's mind, for the symbols are susceptible to all the interpretations suggested by the general concepts of Subjectivity and Objectivity. Too, Swift's personal view of the controversy becomes unimportant. Gone is the author-reader conspiracy of Bickerstaffian irony: once the symbols are accepted, the conclusion is unavoidable. By his craftsmanship, the ironist has seemed to remove himself as director of the irony.

Did Swift consciously evolve such a technique as a means of writing with certainty for posterity? As indicated, Bickerstaffian irony belongs to no one stage of his life, for it continued his chief form of recreation. However, there is evidence that Swift's conception of what constituted lasting irony developed

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over the years. *A Tale of a Tub*, for instance, is less consistently transcendent than *Gulliver's Travels*. Written before Swift had made his entrance into London society and power politics, it betrays his desire to be clever and to impress Temple and his friends. Its intricacy of structure is easily discernible, although not so easily understood, and its object seems diffused. When the more experienced Swift set out to write the *Travels*, his purpose was clearly defined in his mind, and he gave this work a structural simplicity that artfully conceals the subtle craftsmanship of it. His deliberateness is apparent in his answer to the Abbé Des Fontaines, who had explained that in his translation of the *Travels* he had omitted certain portions that to his way of thinking did not apply to France. Swift politely but emphatically refused his approval, and added:

> The same vices and the same follies reign throughout; at least, in all the civilized countries of Europe: and the author who writes for only one town, one province, one kingdom, or even one century, merits so little to be translated that he doesn't merit to be read.

However, even in Part III ("Voyage to Laputa") of the *Travels*, there are passages that do not allow us to forget Swift's own prejudices. We are reminded, for instance, that he disliked science and refused to represent it fairly. The reason for this lies not in his dislike for science, but in his failure to symbolize it so that his partiality is not immediately detected. For one cause or another, Swift did not see science as a whole entity; he was aware of only the scattered experiments of the virtuosi. Thus, he couldn't abstract it into an adequate symbol. Even the generous Arbuthnot, a man closer to science than Swift by profession and inclination, was disturbed by the portrayal, and called it the weakest part of the *Travels*. For over two hundred years, Arbuthnot's opinion has been confirmed. Swift was not infallible, and often his shifts in ironic technique within a single work represent not so much the fulfilling of a premeditated pattern as a diminishing of his ability to abstract his object.

However, the lack of ironic consistency in the *Tale* and the *Travels* seems unworthy of serious consideration when set next to their passages of transcendent irony; for it is in these writings that Swift exposes what seemed to him the most harmful manifestations of pride. More worthy of the efforts of his most intense irony than the merely affected one, was the truly deluded one, the pretender who forgot that he was pretending. Such a one was the religious Enthusiast, or the pretender to divine inspiration, and as he is exposed in the *Tale* he comes to symbolize anyone in any age who is under the illusion that he possesses a "visionary power." Swift does his best to end the delusion.

As there had long been a steady flow of satire on the religious fanatic, Swift could contribute little that was new. Yet he so abstracts the essential qualities of fanaticism or Enthusiasm that by the time one finishes with the *Tale*'s climactic "Digression on Madness," one realizes that the irony has gained universal application. Swift achieves this by "proving" that what the Enthusiast claims to be "a lifting up of the Soul . . . above Matter" (the definition given in the *Tale*'s companion-piece, the *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*) is no more than an illusory conception of certain very physical manifestations. With mock-seriousness, he maintains that these are to be explained by a

> Phoenomenon of Vapours, ascending from the lower Faculties to over-Shadow the Brain, and there distilling into Conceptions, for which the Narrowness of our Mother-Tongue has not yet assigned any other Name, besides that of madness or Phrenzy.

Thus is spiritualism — as vaunted by the Enthusiast — given a materialistic basis. The leveling process is concluded in the *Mechanical Operation*, in which the desired condition may be mechanically induced: all that is necessary is "to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster . . . the Senses." This materialism, with its mechanical potentialities, is used by Swift as a symbol, and such use does not in any way indicate that he himself was a "disillusioned materialist" or that he denied the existence of spirit. The effect thus created is comic in Bergson's sense of the term: the mechanical superimposed on any form of life is comic because it is the antithesis of the very essence of life, creativeness. In fact, this theory is implicit in Swift's title,

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the *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*. The positive point beneath the irony is that man by nature is essentially earth-bound and that he should recognize and abide by this fact. As the *Mechanical Operation* concludes:

> . . . however Spiritual Intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards Heaven, but the Root is in the Earth. Too intense a Contemplation is not the Business of Flesh and Blood; it must by the necessary Course of Things, in a little Time, let go its Hold, and fall into Matter.

The vapours produce not only Enthusiasts, but "the great Introducers of new Schemes in Philosophy," the men who take it into their heads "to advance new Systems with such an eager Zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known." Here, as Swift saw it, is another manifestation of Pride and futile defiance of natural limitations; "for, what Man in the natural State, or Course of Thinking, did ever conceive it in his Power, to reduce the Notions of all Mankind, exactly to the same Length, and Breadth, and Heighth of his own?" *Gulliver's Travels* continues the exposé of the madness that constructs systems of thought by which man is bound to an illusory conception of his world.

The irony is pointed succinctly in several passages of the *Travels*. One, for example, pricks the bubble of mathematics, in Swift's age thought to be nothing less than the philosopher's stone. Gulliver detects the fallacy of over-simplification when he remarks that the Laputian mathematicians proceed upon the belief "that because the smallest Circle hath as many Degrees as the largest, therefore the Regulation and Management of the World require no more Abilities than the handling and turning of a Globe." Later, Aristotle arises from the dead to pronounce

> . . . that new Systems of Nature were but new Fashions, which would vary in every Age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from Mathematical Principles, would flourish but a short Period of Time, and be out of Vogue when that was determined.

The climactic observation comes near the end of the *Travels*, when Gulliver attempts to explain "our several Systems of Natural Philosophy" to his Master Houyhnhnm. That wise horse "would laugh that a creature pretending to *Reason* should value itself upon the knowledge of other Peoples Conjectures, and in Things, where that Knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use." Here again are etched the fantastic results of "too intense a Contemplation."

Now, if man were *naturally* reasonable, would he allow his reason to run to extremes? There is evidence enough to prove that Swift pondered this question sufficiently to write a treatise upon it. As a matter of fact, on September 29, 1725, he wrote to Pope that he had "materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*." There was, of course, no danger that he was succumbing to the temptation to construct a "system," for the "treatise" was none other than what is now Part IV of the *Travels*, the account of Gulliver's experiences among those most reasonable horses. Gulliver (a symbol here for Man) is set between the Houyhnhnms (naturally reasonable animals) and the Yahoos (Man-degenerated-into-beasts without reason). It is soon all too obvious that Gulliver more nearly resembles the Yahoos than he does the Houyhnhnms. Yet there is that in him which causes him to aspire to the Houyhnhnm-state, and with his reason he comes to adore the horses. When they force him to leave their land for fear of his corrupting influence, he sheds tears; and when he arrives home, he cannot at first bear the sight of his wife and children, who remind him of the loathsome Yahoos.

The *Travels* as a whole has a development, illustrated in Gulliver's reactions to his various experiences. He progressively becomes more sophisticated, shedding his illusions about his world. His readiness to agree with his Master Houyhnhnm's condemnation of the man-made evils of civilization is indicative of his change. In Lilliput and Brobdingnag he had been zealously proud of the achievements of his country and Europe in general. With that cause for pride now removed, he clings to his last illusion: the conception of himself as *animal rationale*. Even this is lost to him as he is forcibly made to realize that he was blindly

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presumptuous to imagine that he or any other human being could even emulate the Houyhnhnms. The destruction of this, his last and most precious illusion, is thus the most painful to him.

This part of the *Travels* has ever excited the critics and interpreters to make sometimes incoherent statements about Swift's misanthropy. Unfortunately, Swift himself initiated this legend when, in the same letter of September 29, 1725, he asserted to Pope that he had erected the *Travels* upon a "great foundation of misanthropy." He immediately modified this by adding, "though not in Timon's manner," indicating that his misanthropy is purposeful. Not surprisingly, the attenuating remark has been ignored because of the more intriguing suggestiveness of complete misanthropy. If we continue to regard Swift as the complete misanthrope, we not only cease to pay tribute to his art of irony, but we come near to invalidating the irony itself! The unconditional misanthrope is one who makes a vocation of hating without bothering to give it a reasonable basis; the philosophical misanthrope is one who, according to a systematically developed premise, urges the self-extinction of the human race, in the manner of Schopenhauer, for example. We need not pause over the latter kind, for Swift was demonstrably not such a one. If he was the former, we are confronted with a figure stripped of all moral sense, having lost, in an all-inclusive hate, the distinction between right and wrong, good and evil. Demonstrably again, this is not the Swift who wrote the "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," or any other of the non-satiric works. Nor is it he who arose to assume the Drapier's role and to write the "Modest Proposal." We should remember too that when given a chance, Swift was a man of public action, and that to the end of his active life, he was a conscientious clergyman.

This is no attempt to denude Swift of his bitterness. Certainly he was no creature of Sweetness and Light (although, curiously enough, he is the one who gave us the original symbol of sweetness and light, that admirably extrovert Bee of the *Battle of the Books*!). He was as stern with himself as with his readers: he as staunchly tried to live without illusions as he exposed them by means of his irony, and no doubt his intimate friends were sometimes sacrificed to his endeavor. We catch glimpses of this, from the time he admonished the languishing Varina to refine her body and mind if she expected to become Mrs. Swift (she died unmarried), through that long and perilous association with Hester Johnson (and was his name for her, "Stella," another instance of his irony, a reminder that indeed she was *not* Astrophel's Stella?), and to his too-late dismissal of Vanessa. Swift was secretive: the extent of our knowledge concerning the tragedies indicated here is a list of unanswered questions. The admittedly enigmatic quality of Swift's life has become curiously entwined with the legend of his misanthropy, and the result has served to distort his writings. We have no right, for instance, to say that the black-haired Yahoo who conceives a lust for Gulliver is Stella! It has been said, however, and the saying of it indicates a strange attempt to reduce the *Travels* to a mere receptacle of Swift's personal venom and eccentricity.

A man who spends much of his life and talent in shattering illusions must entertain a definite conception of what is *not* illusion, or of reality. Swift conceived reality in terms of human nature, but instead of writing definitively about it, he turned the light of his irony upon the illusions to which it is subject. There is tyranny to his ironic technique, and all things bend to it — even misanthropy. Beneath, however, is the unwavering concept of man as an earth-bound animal capable of reason enough to perceive his limitations and escape illusion. Swift himself reviewed this premise, for in the letter to Pope following the one in which he had made his declaration of misanthropy, he wrote:

> I tell you, after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals; and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition; and made another of my own.

If Swift's misanthropy is functional, what about Gulliver's? Gulliver's only misanthropic trait is his distaste for his family

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and human kind in general upon his final return home. The cause of his distaste is not man himself, but man in contrast to the reasonable animal. Steeling himself to life as he must live it, Gulliver retires to his garden at Redriff — but not to seek mental oblivion in the tending of his garden, as does Candide. Nor does Gulliver escape to Happy Valley, as does Rasselas after his disillusioning search for happiness. Of these three eighteenth-century pilgrims, it is Gulliver alone who concludes his pilgrimage with an instructive message for his world; for he intends to "apply those excellent Lessons of Virtue . . . learned among the Houyhnhnms." He is still the worthy citizen eager to better society. Neither happy nor unhappy, he is a man completely disenchanted.

To us, Gulliver is still at home in Redriff because his process of disenchantment continues to be symbolic and he himself a symbol of the process accomplished. Gulliver, his experiences, and all the other still vital symbols received from Swift were forged from the thought of a particular age; but as they have easily survived into the present, so will they continue until human nature is no longer disposed to entangle itself in a web of illusion. With them, of course, will be Swift, their creator, the unmoved Disenchanter.

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Genocide

Raphael Lemkin

The last war has focused our attention on the phenomenon of the destruction of whole populations — of national, racial and religious groups — both biologically and culturally. The German practices, especially in the course of occupation, are too well known. Their general plan was to win the peace though the war be lost, and that goal could have been achieved through successfully changing the political and demographic interrelationships in Europe in favor of Germany. The population not destroyed was to be integrated in the German cultural, political and economic pattern. In this way a mass obliteration of nationhoods had been planned throughout occupied Europe. The Nazi leaders had stated very bluntly their intent to wipe out the Poles, the Russians; to destroy demographically and culturally the French element in Alsace-Lorraine, the Slavonians in Carniola and Carinthia. They almost achieved their goal in exterminating the Jews and Gypsies in Europe. Obviously, the German experience is the most striking and the most deliberate and thorough, but history has provided us with other examples of the destruction of entire nations, and ethnic and religious groups. There are, for example, the destruction of Carthage; that of religious groups in the wars of Islam and the Crusades; the massacres of the Albigenses and the Waldenses; and more recently, the massacre of the Armenians.

While society sought protection against individual crimes, or rather crimes directed against individuals, there has been no serious endeavor hitherto to prevent and punish the murder and destruction of millions. Apparently, there was not even an adequate name for such a phenomenon. Referring to the Nazi butchery in the present war, Winston Churchill said in his broadcast of August, 1941, "We are in the presence of a crime without a name."

II

Would mass murder be an adequate name for such a phenomenon? We think not, since it does not connote the motivation of the crime, especially when the motivation is based upon racial, national or religious considerations. An attempt to destroy a nation and obliterate its cultural personality was hitherto called denationalization. This term seems to be inadequate, since it does not connote biological destruction. On the other hand, this term is mostly used for conveying or for defining an act of deprivation of citizenship. Many authors, instead of using a generic term, use terms connoting only some functional aspect of the main generic notion of the destruction of nations and races. Thus, the terms "Germanization," "Italianization," "Magyarization" are used often to connote the imposition by a stronger nation (Germany, Italy, Hungary) of its national pattern upon the national group controlled by it. These terms are also inadequate since they do not convey biological destruction, and they cannot be used as a generic term. In the case of Germany, it would be ridiculous to speak about the Germanization of the Jews or Poles in western Poland, since the Germans wanted these groups eradicated entirely.

Hitler stated many times that Germaniza-

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tion could only be carried out with the soil, never with men. These considerations led the author of this article to the necessity of coining a new term for this particular concept: *genocide*. This word is made from the ancient Greek word *genos* (race, clan) and the Latin suffix *cide* (killing). Thus, genocide in its formation would correspond to such words as tyrannicide, homicide, patricide.

III

Genocide is the crime of destroying national, racial or religious groups. The problem now arises as to whether it is a crime of only national importance, or a crime in which international society as such should be vitally interested. Many reasons speak for the second alternative. It would be impractical to treat genocide as a national crime, since by its very nature it is committed by the state or by powerful groups which have the backing of the state. A state would never prosecute a crime instigated or backed by itself.

By its very legal, moral and humanitarian nature, it must be considered an international crime. The conscience of mankind has been shocked by this type of mass barbarity. There have been many instances of states expressing their concern about another state's treatment of its citizens. The United States rebuked the government of Czarist Russia as well as that of Rumania for the ghastly pogroms they instigated or tolerated. There was also diplomatic action in behalf of the Greeks and Armenians when they were being massacred by the Turks. States have even entered into international treaties by which they assumed specific obligations in the treatment of their own nationals. We may, in this respect, refer to the treaty entered into between the United States and Spain in 1898, in which the free exercise of religion was assured by the United States to the inhabitants of the territories which were ceded to her.

Another classical example of international concern in the treatment of citizens of other states by their governments is provided by the minority treaties under the auspices of the League of Nations which were signed by a number of European countries after the first World War. Again, the declaration of the Eighth International Conference of American States provides that any persecution on account of racial or religious motives which makes it impossible for a group of human beings to live decently is contrary to the political and judicial systems of America. The Charter of the United Nations Organization also provides for the international protection of human rights, indicating that the denial of such rights by any state is a matter of concern to all mankind.

Cultural considerations speak for international protection of national, religious and racial groups. Our whole cultural heritage is a product of the contributions of all nations. We can best understand this when we realize how impoverished our culture would be if the peoples doomed by Germany, such as the Jews, had not been permitted to create the Bible, or to give birth to an Einstein, a Spinoza; if the Poles had not had the opportunity to give to the world a Copernicus, a Chopin, a Curie; the Czechs, a Huss, a Dvorak; the Greeks, a Plato and a Socrates; the Russians, a Tolstoy and a Shostakovich.

There are also practical considerations. Expulsions of law-abiding residents from Germany before this war created frictions with the neighboring countries to which these peoples were expelled. Mass persecutions forced mass flight. Thus, the normal migration between countries assumes pathological dimensions.

Again, international trade depends upon confidence in the ability of the individuals participating in the interchange of goods to fulfill their obligations. The arbitrary and wholesale confiscations of the properties of whole groups of citizens of one state for racial or other reasons deprives them of their capacity to discharge their obligations to citizens of other states. Many American citizens were deprived of the possibility of claiming debts incurred by German importers after these importers were destroyed by the Hitler regime.

Finally, genocide in time of peace creates international tensions and leads to war. It was used by the Nazi regime to strengthen the alleged unity and totalitarian control of the German people as a preparation for war.

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IV

Once we have recognized the international implications of genocidal practices, we must create the legal framework for the recognition of genocide as an international crime. The significant feature of international crime is a recognition that because of its international importance it must be punished and punishable through international cooperation. The establishment of international machinery for such punishment is essential.

Thus, it has been recognized by the law of nations and by the criminal codes of many nations that crimes which affect the common good of mankind — as, for example, piracy, unlawful production and trade in narcotics, forgery of money, trade in women and children, trade in slaves — all these are international crimes (*delicta juris gentium*). For such crimes, the principle of universal repression has been adopted: namely, the culprit can be punished not only before the courts of the country where the crime has been perpetrated, but also by courts of the country where the culprit can be apprehended if he escaped justice in his own country. For example, a currency forger who committed his crime in Paris and escaped to Prague can be punished validly in the latter city.

In 1933, at the Fifth International Conference for the Unification of Criminal Law (under the auspices of the Fifth Committee of the League of Nations) the author of the present article introduced a proposal providing for this type of jurisdiction for acts of persecution amounting to what is now called genocide. Unfortunately, at that time, his proposal was not adopted. Had this principle been adopted at that time by international treaty, we would not now have all the discussions about *ex post facto* law, in relation to crimes committed by the German government against its own citizens prior to this war.

V

A ruthless regime finds it easiest to commit genocide in time of war. It then becomes a problem of the treatment, or, rather, mistreatment, of a civilian population by an occupant. The Fourth Hague Convention establishes a rule of law in the protection of civilian populations which an occupant must respect. Within the purview of this law comes the protection of the honor, liberty, life, family rights and property rights of the population in the occupied country.

Genocide can be carried out through acts against individuals, when the ultimate intent is to annihilate the entire group composed of these individuals; every specific act of genocide as directed against individuals as members of a national or racial group is illegal under the Hague Convention. If the killing of one Jew or one Pole is a crime, the killing of all the Jews and all the Poles is not a lesser crime. Moreover, the criminal intent to kill or destroy all the members of such a group shows premeditation and deliberation and a state of systematic criminality which is only an aggravated circumstance for the punishment.

Genocide has been included in the indictment of the major war criminals for the use of the Nuremberg trials. It reads as follows:

> They (the defendants) conducted deliberate and systematic genocide — viz., the extermination of racial and national groups — against the civilian populations of certain occupied territories in order to destroy particular races and classes of people, and national, racial or religious groups, particularly Jews, Poles, Gypsies and others.

By including genocide in the indictment, the enormity of the Nazi crimes has been more accurately described. Moreover, as in the case of homicide, the natural right of existence for individuals is implied: by the formulation of genocide as a crime, the principle that every national, racial and religious group has a natural right of existence is proclaimed. Attacks upon such groups are in violation of that right to exist and to develop within an international community as free members of international society. Thus, genocide is not only a crime against the rules of war, but also a crime against humanity.

Only after the cessation of hostilities could the whole gruesome picture of genocide committed in the occupied countries be reviewed. During the military occupation unconfirmed rumors about genocide leaked out from behind the iron curtains covering enslaved

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Europe. The International Red Cross was precluded from visiting occupied countries and gathering information about the mistreatment of the civilian populations. It so happened because the Geneva Convention gave to the International Red Cross the right to supervise and control only the treatment of prisoners of war. A paradoxical situation was created: men who went into the battlefield with a considerable expectancy of death survived, while their families, left behind in supposed security, were annihilated. The author of the present article has proposed in his book *Axis Rule in Occupied Europe* that international law be changed so that in time of war the treatment of civilian populations will also be under supervisory control of an international body like the International Red Cross. The Swedish newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*, of November 2, 1945, announced that the chairman of the Swedish Red Cross, Count Bernadotte, referred to the author's proposal as acceptable for consideration at a future conference of the International Red Cross, and declared that the Swedish Red Cross would support it. While the writer is gratified by this development, he hopes that other governments will support the proposal to change international law.

VI

On the basis of the foregoing considerations, the author proposes that the United Nations as they are now organized, together with other invited nations, enter into an international treaty which would formulate genocide as an international crime, providing for its prevention and punishment in time of peace and war. This treaty, basically, should include, among other things, the following principles:

1. The crime of genocide should be recognized therein as a conspiracy to exterminate national, religious or racial groups. The overt acts of such a conspiracy may consist of attacks against life, liberty or property of members of such groups merely because of their affiliation with such groups. The formulation of the crime may be as follows: "Whoever, while participating in a conspiracy to destroy a national, racial or religious group, undertakes an attack against life, liberty or property of members of such groups is guilty of the crime of genocide." The crime so formulated should be incorporated in every national criminal code of the signatories.
2. The defendants should be liable not only before the courts of the country where the crime was committed, but in case of escape shall be liable, as well, before the courts of the country where they are apprehended.
3. Persons accused of genocide should not be treated as political criminals for purposes of extradition. Extradition should not be granted except in cases where sufficient evidence exists to indicate that the requesting country will earnestly prosecute the culprits.
4. The liability for genocide should rest on those who gave and executed the orders, as well as on those who incited to the commission of the crime by whatever means, including formulation and teaching of the criminal philosophy of genocide. Members of governments and political bodies which organized or tolerated genocide will be equally responsible.
5. Independently of the responsibility of individuals for genocide, states in which such a policy obtains should be held accountable before the Security Council of the United Nations Organization. The Council may request the International Court of Justice to deliver an advisory opinion to determine whether a state of genocide exists within a given country before invoking, among other things, sanctions to be leveled against the offending country. The Security Council may act either on its own initiative or on the basis of petitions submitted by members of interested national, religious or racial groups residing either within or without the accused country.
6. The Hague Convention and other pertinent treaties should be changed to the effect that in case of war, an international body (such as the International Red Cross) should have the right to supervise the treatment of civilian populations by occupants in time of war in order to ascertain whether genocide is being practiced by such occupant.
7. A multilateral treaty for the prevention and punishment of genocide should not preclude two or more countries from entering into bilateral or regional treaties for more extensive protection against genocide. In this connection it is well to note that the Allied Governments in accordance with the Moscow agreements of December, 1945, have decided to enter into formal treaties of peace with the Axis satellite countries, Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania, which practiced genocide in this war according to the German pattern. It is of impelling importance that anti-genocide clauses be included in these treaties.

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Gallipolis, Ohio

M. Whitcomb Hess

Just outside Gallipolis, Ohio, rises Mound Hill, overlooking the Ohio River for miles in all directions. On top of the Hill stands a modern cemetery where O. O. McIntyre, after writing for years in his New York column of the romantic river town of his boyhood, was brought to rest at last. But north of Gallipolis is another cemetery, a very old one, deserted and asleep in the deep quiet of the countryside. This is *le vieux cimetière français de la rue des Pins;* and here are buried men and women from the old French provinces of Auvergne, Normandie, Picardie, Bretagne, Lyonnais, Alsace and Franche-Comté. The names, scarcely decipherable on the crumbling, moss-grown gravestones, are those of the first colonists who came to settle Gallipolis, "the city of the Gauls," to live, suffer and die in what was to have been their land of promise. And scattered throughout the United States are graves of others, the rest of the settlers, all of whom were the originals of an extraordinarily ambitious colonizing scheme, that of the Marquis d'Eprémesnil, famous defender of the rights of parliament of Paris at the time of the French Revolution. Eprémesnil completed plans for a glorious utopia, a New Atlantis on the banks of the Ohio.

With Eprémesnil were his colleague the Marquis Marnésia and a host of rich and titled Frenchmen. Among those who crossed with the Gallipolis expedition were the Counts de Barth and de Malartic, Captain of the French National Guards. The Marquis d'Hébécourt, who had the first post office in the colony, had the distinction of being the bosom friend of Napoleon Bonaparte. If Bonaparte's name is not listed among the colonizers, it was not the fault of the little Corsican who, with Hébécourt, had planned and packed for the American venture. Both the young men — they were in their early twenties — were students at *L'Ecole Militaire* and grew wildly enthusiastic about the possibilities of Eprémesnil's ideal community in the New World. But Napoleon's strong-minded mother put her foot down; and her son's friend sailed alone. Thus it was that when Hébécourt was acting as postmaster of Gallipolis or leading his military patrol against the Indians, Bonaparte was getting ready for his conquest of Europe. Yet Hébécourt after his own adventurous life in Gallipolis, Marietta and New Orleans outlived his school chum by more than a decade.

Some of the colonists were famous schoolmen, lawyers and doctors of Paris. One of the doctors was Antoine Saugrain, friend of Benjamin Franklin and brother-in-law of Joseph Guillotin, inventor of the guillotine. Written large among the first settlers were noted watchmakers, jewellers, woodcarvers, fencing and dancing masters, a great number of whom had been in Louis XVI's own pay. Tradesmen and shopkeepers, who felt the uncertainty of life in France with the Revolution in the offing, added their names and money to the lists. Besides these finished artisans of the King, the nobles and other professionals, there were gentlemen of fortune and a few young men who had been destined by their families for the Church but who stopped their studies before taking holy orders. The settlers' names are impressive. They read like a Debrett of France in the

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last quarter of the Eighteenth Century. "*Ils s'en vont tous à Gallipolis*," said the tragic King to his barber one morning in the first days of the Revolution, and added, "*que ne puis-je m'en aller avec eux!*" Small wonder that Louis wanted to come with his friends! His nation had just depleted its resources to save American revolutionists by supplying them with money, arms, ammunition — and Lafayette. French soldiers returning from America, as well as travel writers, described with Gallic enthusiasm the liberalism and goodness of our government. Then, the year before the fall of the Bastille, Joel Barlow (our Ambassador to France twenty-three years later) had suddenly appeared in Paris with Ohio Valley lands for sale. He represented Colonel Duer, formerly of the United States Board of Treasury, and ran his American land office overseas; and he carried fulsome extravaganzas of descriptions of the Ohio country written by the Congregational minister, Manasseh Cutler, and seconded by a Thomas Hutchins who called himself, "Geographer of the United States."

The Reverend Mr. Cutler had written of the plenty and perfection of the tract (in which he had a financial interest) in complete and idealistic detail. He told of the temperate, healthful climate and listed every imaginable product of the semi-tropics from fine wines, superior cotton and tobacco, to rich mine deposits. The catfish weighing eighty pounds, the sycamore forty-four feet around, the sugar and candles growing on trees, and the rest, were all incidental items.

In selling the mapped-out section between the Ohio and Scioto Rivers and the headwaters of the Muskingum River, Barlow had the help of the unscrupulous William Playfair, an Englishman in France whose high-pressure psychological sales campaign prospered in the years 1789–90. Playfair knew French perfectly and he appealed successfully to his prospects' political idealism as well as to their practicality. In his new prospectus, for which he used the Cutler description as a starter, he supplied matter-of-fact-appearing cost schedules, including the expense of bringing four thousand Irish workmen to clear the wilderness and cultivate the land. He bore heavily on the governmental benefits in America — which he made sound like heaven-on-earth; and in the name of the Congress of the United States he assured the buyers crowding the Barlow-Playfair office that there would be churches and schools for them, and easy access to the rest of the colonies and all the world. Cutler had already declared the region the best in America with its natural meadows, virgin forests and game — from buffaloes and bears to pheasants and fish — besides its juxtaposition to easily navigable rivers; Playfair added the thought that it would likely be the new site of the national capitol, "*le chef-lieu des Américains*." Among the things he did not add, and which Cutler certainly had not mentioned, was the uncomfortable fact that the prevalent romantic notion regarding the native American "Peau-Rouge" as one of Rousseau's ideal human beings was so far from being a true description that savage and continuous wars with the Indians were going on in the Ohio Valley. Another thing the officials of the Ohio Land Company did not mention was that Barlow's office instead of owning the land outright had only an option on a piece of it, an option later declared invalid. In the end the French who came and stayed had to buy their land twice.

Father Didier, Benedictine Monk and Spiritual Superior of Gallipolis, on leaving France was given the title of "Vicar General in Spiritualibus." He and the other honest Catholics among those who, after their long voyage and delays, at last came ashore from their river-boats and scrambled up the fifty-foot slope of Gallipolis on October 17, 1790, to start the town, did not think it would be long before the coming of a permanent bishop — the Abbé Boisnautier, waiting in Paris to be named for the post.

Eprémesnil's plans had included arrangements for making Gallipolis the Catholic center of the West. At the time that Eprémesnil bought for himself more than ten thousand acres of land in the Ohio Valley, his Company of Twenty-Four, nearly all members of the French aristocracy, had contracted for acreage covering ten townships along the Ohio River and extending twenty-four miles east of the Scioto River. A refuge for the persecuted religious orders of France was

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designated outside Eprémesnil's ideal city; a university modeled after that of Paris was blueprinted, as well as a charity hospital to be staffed by the Sisters of Saint-Lazare. Furthermore, provision was made for a model newspaper office for publishing in both English and French the colony's "Journal of the West" (*Journal de l'Ouest*). Monvel, the son of the celebrated French actor, was named editor of the publication.

In a circular issued to the Paris public Eprémesnil sketched this New World city which would cover four hundred and thirty-two acres, with one-fourth of the land given over to parks. Each family settling the place would receive as a gift six acres of land, farm implements and food until the first crop was harvested. Eprémesnil promised to bring over from France, also at his own expense, a large number of experienced workmen and tradesmen; but he was unfortunately prevented from keeping his promise.

The actual settling of Gallipolis in the eighty log cabins that housed more than five hundred persons during the cold winter of 1790–91 was carried out in a dramatic, even melodramatic, setting. On one side behind the log breastwork, which protected the cabined area from the rampages of *la Belle Rivière*, rolled the majestic Ohio; on the other three sides of the blockhouse-flanked rows of cabins stretched away the virgin Ohio forest. And certainly no other settlement in America had so romantic an origin or so anti-climactic a history. Among the noblemen, artists, army officers, clericals, doctors, lawyers, capitalists and various artisans making up the colonists, only the laborer and farmer class was largely absent. For want of a horseshoe nail a kingdom is said to have been lost; in Gallipolis for want of ordinary workmen the city that was to radiate Catholic culture in the New World was lost.

For the episcopal See with all its supporting institutions on the banks of the Ohio was to remain a paper city. In 1848 when Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati visited Gallipolis he wrote in a letter to the *Catholic Telegraph*: "We never have passed this place on the river without a feeling of sadness. We had no facilities we knew of for offering the Holy Sacrifice in a town where all were once, at least, baptized Catholics." It was through Bishop Purcell's efforts, over sixty years after the colony was founded, that the present Catholic Church, dedicated to Saint Louis in tribute to Eprémesnil and the first French colonists, came into being in the year 1853. The former pastor, the Reverend Charles B. Ryan, has memorialized the original Saint Louis Church, as well as the Gallipolis that was and is, in his excellent little *History of Catholicism in Gallipolis*, which he wrote in 1940 for the Gallipolis Sesquicentennial. In the apparent failure of the French settlers of Gallipolis, Father Ryan sees "the glory of a Louisville, a St. Louis and a New Orleans" and for the Gallipolitans "the glory of our tradition and the quaintness of an old world in the new."

Near Mound Hill there are stones which, it is said, were cut for the foundation of the Monastery, the refuge for the Paris Seminary as suggested by the Reverend M. Gallet, one of the Sulpician Fathers of Paris. But those foundation stones were never used. The majority of the continuing settlers of Gallipolis, moreover, did not even remain Catholic. The Marquis Marnésia who came with the Company (though he was to wash his hands of the actual Gallipolis colony) when Eprémesnil felt it his duty to stay in France, demanded that all members of his colony bring letters from their French pastors stating that they were Catholics in good standing. Many unquestionably were, and they continued to be; but the spirit that had inspired the anti-religious course of the Revolution, and had proclaimed Christianity a mistake and the Church a scourge, brought its withering blight to Gallipolis, too.

Thus Father Didier began his ministry under greater handicaps by far than the merely physical ones involved in a pioneer movement. Attendance at Mass was not held obligatory for the colony. Many of the faithful soon left the town, some going to Marietta, where the group had stopped on their journey down river, others going with the Marquis Marnésia to Pennsylvania where they founded a new settlement, "Asylum," near Pittsburgh. The Count de Barth went on down the Ohio River to Portsmouth to set up a private Catholic colony. Others sent to

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Gallipolis by Eprémesnil settled in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Louisville and Saint Louis.

The anti-religious soon were left largely in Gallipolis; and before long Father Didier was forced to leave for other fields, which he found in St. Charles and in St. Louis. He reported to Bishop Carroll at Baltimore that the colony had hardly been started when trouble began, and that the greatest quarrels came from the diversity of opinion about the movements in France.

After Father Didier left, the colony's material as well as spiritual affairs declined steadily. Doubtless there were persons in that group from revolutionist France who felt when they first came to the bountiful New World (where the earth was advertised as bringing forth her choicest fruits unbidden and unpolluted by civilization) that it represented the very conditions their *philosophes* had been dreaming, writing and talking about for fifty years. There at last, they imagined, Humanity might realize its glorious destiny; and the first Gallipolis is answer enough to that naturalistic fantasy. In 1793 André Michaux, the celebrated botanist, who, with others of his traveling countrymen, thought to find a haven at Gallipolis, discovered that out of the six hundred or so who had come there to live only about one hundred fifty were left. This number of inhabitants was halved in two years and the French Grant, made by our government in 1795, found few claimants. The traveler Chapman stopping over briefly in the town on November 10, 1795, wrote that the whole populace "the Governor not excepted" had "Starvation and Sickness strongly pictured in their faces." And this was the city for which Eprémesnil and his Company had planned a bishopric and which had seemed an earthly paradise! The writer M. Fontanes had even been pressed into lending his persuasive pen to their plea; for in France the hope did not so quickly die out — not, in fact, until 1794, after a certain Father Badin visited the "City of the Gauls" with subsequent unfavorable reports to Rome.

Some of the French emigrants were to return to France, preferring the terrors of the Revolution to those of Ohio. Certainly the King's wish would have been considerably less wistful — even with the guillotine waiting for him — if he could have foreseen how hopelessly the delicately nurtured colonists were to struggle against the painfully cold winters that brought famine with them, the constant menace of the Indians, and the terrible swamp fevers that racked their starving bodies. For the same marshes that yielded frogs in the spring, when the Frenchmen greeted their first croakings with cries of delight, also held malaria and other dangers. Furthermore, the outlook on life of the "Peau-Rouge" (whose interest from the start in the free-hearted overtures of the newcomers was more in getting their perfumed perruques for scalp-locks than in their patterns of brotherhood) was assuredly not what many of the settlers had expected. But the worst handicap of all was their own lack of farming knowledge. The Cutler-Playfair prospectus had caused them to believe that most of the food grew wild, or at least needed scant attention. When they learned that they must plant the corn, they buried the grains three feet deep and waited with increasing anxiety for the green shoots of the new corn. Finally a good-natured Indian showed them how the planting was done.

The colonists who sailed to the New World from Le Havre, Nantes, La Rochelle and other ports with such great hopes in the spring of 1790 and for several years thereafter rank as high in heroism and patience as any of America's pioneers. The group that hoped to settle Gallipolis stands as high in nobility of birth, education and skill as any or all of the Puritans of Massachusetts, the Dutch of Manhattan Island, or the Cavaliers of Virginia. But the best left Gallipolis to be absorbed in other colonies; and regarding those left it must be said that if the annals of the poor are short and simple, those of the extremely wretched are nil. When the *savant* Volney came to Gallipolis in 1796 he spoke with venom against that "trite, idle and inflated rhetoric" which had condemned his countrymen to such hardship and misery. The hunger-gaunt faces of the townspeople, their shyness at talking with the famous man from their fatherland, their floorless log huts patched with clay, and the general wretched-

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ness made the writer angry and heartsick.

The year before Volney's visit the French had been awarded 24,000 acres of ground, stretching eight miles along the Ohio River — that is, they could have this land by paying for it at $1.25 an acre. Those among whom the town lots of Gallipolis were divided in 1795 numbered just ninety-two Frenchmen. Yet five years earlier at Alexandria, Virginia, about one thousand French *emigrés* had gathered for the colonizing venture. Their history was one of repeated disappointment and heartbreak, yet highlighted by an irresistible good humor and even gaiety when any possible occasion offered. They danced on the day of their arrival on the shores of the Ohio — *la Belle Rivière* — and they continued to dance twice a week in the *salle de réunion* they chose among the crude cabins that Colonel Duer's men (Colonel Duer was the American principal of the Paris land-office deal) had prepared for them. The women and girls wore at these dances the Paris dresses they had carefully brought with them and so carefully kept, and the high-heeled slippers which often enough had to be carried in their hands through muddy streets to the "ballroom."

Nor did the glory of the dream altogether leave with the great dispersion of the settlers during the first five years. In January, 1798 the future Louis Philippe, traveling in America and having voiced a wish to visit Gallipolis, came unexpectedly to the remnants of the colony. Again the Paris finery was brought out and the violins mended for the ball that followed a banquet in his honor. What has been called a "typically French sort of goodness" — seeing that guests are well fed — was shown, and the young Duke praised warmly the delicious French foods and liqueurs served him. But not all the French-Americans were so cordial in their greetings. When the Prince of the House of France left to continue his journey, the captain of the boat, angry at being ignored by young Louis as he came aboard, addressed him furiously: "*Attention, Monsieur! Nous ne sommes pas des esclaves, nous; nous sommes des citoyens libres! Nous ne sommes pas en France, nous sommes en Amérique, sacrebleu! et moi, ne l'oubliez pas, je suis Muret, le capitaine commandant le packet-boat numéro 3 des Etats-Unis d'Amérique.*"

By 1811 Gallipolis had become a Yankee town and was flourishing at last. Boasts of the "French Five Hundred" developed with the growth of civic pride. A great traffic passed on the Ohio and, with the coming of the steamboat, foundries and engine shops sprang up where woodcarvers' and watchmakers' shops had stood. A grand ball — so grand that it is still talked of in Gallipolis — was given on the occasion of Lafayette's much publicized visit in 1825. A quarter of a century later, Jenny Lind came to sing at "Our House" (a tavern built by Henry Cushing in 1819). The building is now a museum recently rehabilitated by Dr. and Mrs. Charles Holzer; and it holds the best collection of relics of the settlers to be found — indeed all the Gallipolis souvenirs there are, anywhere. Here is housed the bed Louis Philippe slept in on his visit there; and here too the French historian finds the place where the heart of France still beats best in this part of America. But the city of American Catholicism that-might-have-been is a forgotten dream, a Lost Atlantis of the New World.

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The Growth of Christianity

Kenneth Scott Latourette

We are living in one of the great days of the Christian faith. At first sight this statement seems preposterous. The usual impression is the precise opposite. Christianity is quite obviously assailed by an unusual combination of enemies. Some are old and others relatively new. The general impression is that, because of them, it is a waning force. Yet never before has Christianity been so widely spread geographically; so deeply rooted among so many different peoples; making such rapid strides toward a world-embracing inclusive fellowship of all Christians; or, when mankind is viewed as a whole, so influential in the affairs of the human race.

Undoubtedly Christianity has suffered severely in the present century. This has, ominously, been mainly in Europe, the continent which for centuries included most of Christendom. The rationalism inherited from the eighteenth century, augmented by the scientific materialism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, has long been undercutting the religious convictions of many who traditionally have been Christian. Other millions have drifted away from the Church, not so much because of conscious abandonment or denial of its faith as because Christianity has seemed irrelevant to their main interests, or because, through the vast migrations to cities and new industrial centers, they have become separated physically from the Church. The secularism of an industrial age has been adverse to many Christian aspirations.

The wars and revolutions of the past three decades have played their part as well. War is notoriously destructive of values which Christianity prizes. Within one generation that faith has had to outride two global conflicts. In no country has Christianity escaped the baleful effects of war. The losses, through massacre, of ancient Armenian and Nestorian bodies in western Asia in the World War of 1914–1918 were spectacular and serious, but they were probably not so grave as the less publicized departure from Christian morals and the deadening of Christian beliefs among theoretically Christian peoples who were more actively belligerent.

The most drastic of the revolutions of the past three decades have also dealt the churches body blows. In Germany the Nazi regime progressively curbed the churches. In what had proudly proclaimed itself as "Holy Russia," long the main stronghold of Eastern Orthodox Christianity, the Communist state, through drastic legislation, for a time seemed to have all but liquidated the several Christian bodies. In Italy Mussolini and the Vatican entered into a working compromise, but some of its eminent leaders frankly declared, although privately, that Fascism was basically incompatible with Christianity.

Because of these palpable facts, the impression is general that Christianity is waning. The institutional strength of the churches and the tendency for beliefs and habits to persist for generations after their inner vitality has ebbed may (so it is granted) delay the demise. But, it is argued, Christianity is a declining factor in the human scene. Yet by a strange paradox, when the world is

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viewed as a whole, it is clear that Christianity has never been so potent as now. The evidence for this unprecedented strength is fourfold.

First of all, Christianity is more nearly evenly distributed over the earth's surface than at any previous time. Until the present century, in spite of their claims to universality, all religions had been at most regional. That is still true of all but Christianity. Islam has been primarily Arabian, and its main strength has always been within a radius of two thousand miles of its place of origin. Hinduism has been essentially Indian. Its once wide extension in southeastern Asia and the East Indies was in connection with Hindu commerce and colonies, and has all but faded. Buddhism has enjoyed a much greater expansion than its parent Hinduism, but its adherents have almost entirely been in India, in lands within the Indian cultural zone in the south and east of Asia, and in the Chinese and Japanese Empires. Judaism has, with a few interesting exceptions, been confined to one race. Even Christianity, for more than a thousand years more broadly represented than any of these, has had its main strength in Europe and has spread chiefly in association with European peoples.

But since the close of the fifteenth century, with an important pause late in the eighteenth century, Christianity has been expanding rapidly. Much of this has been through the migrations of professedly Christian peoples. Much has been through missions staffed from Europe or by those of European stock. Especially did the century from 1815 to 1914 see an amazing extension of Christianity. By the end of these ten decades the faith had been planted in all but a few remote peoples. Yet in 1914 Christianity was still primarily Occidental in its membership.

In the past thirty years the adherents of Christianity among folk of non-European blood have more than doubled. The percentage of Christians in the total population in China and India is approximately twice what it was in 1914. In Negro Africa south of the Sahara the proportion of Christians is considerably more than twice what it was in 1914. In the East Indies in the past thirty years Christianity has had a phenomenal numerical increase. The increase in the non-Occidental world becomes the more impressive when one recalls that these thirty years have witnessed a revolt against white supremacy. The assumption would have been that a religion coming through the white man, as had Christianity, would show a decline rather than an increase in accessions. Yet during these decades of the rising tide of independence from the Occidental, Christianity has, with a few exceptions, advanced apace among non-Occidental peoples. Never before has any religion been so widely distributed over the face of the globe.

Even more significant is a second set of developments. In the interval between the two World Wars Christianity became more deeply rooted in more nations and tribes than ever before. Until 1914, among most non-European peoples the churches were kept alive by continuing transfusions of leadership and money from the churches of Europe and North America. The administrative officers, such as bishops and heads of schools, were overwhelmingly Occidentals. Indeed, these "younger" churches seemed to be phases of a kind of ecclesiastical imperialism, subordinate adjuncts of the "older" churches of the Occident. Often members of the founding churches spoke of the daughter churches as "ours" and of their membership as "our Christians."

In the past thirty years a movement of the "younger" churches from this colonial status had been in progress and at an ever-quickening pace. In China, Japan, Indo-China, Madagascar and Africa the Roman Catholic Church has raised numbers of the local, non-white clergy to the episcopate. The proportion of native to foreign clergy has rapidly mounted. In Protestant churches the indigenous ministry has multiplied, and there has been an increasing number of native heads of churches and church institutions. Missionaries have continued to go from the Occident, and presumably will continue to do so. Yet missionaries have also come from the "younger" to the "older" churches. Christians from Asia and Africa have toured the churches of Europe and North America and have contributed substantially to the

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religious vision and life of the Occident.

During the course of the present World War the emergence of native leadership has been augmented. In Japan and Japanese-occupied lands in "Greater East Asia" the majority of missionaries have been interned or sent home. Christians sprung from the soil have had to assume responsibility if the churches were to go on. So far as can be learned, they have done so, and, in general, with striking success. In India the restiveness against British rule has been reflected in the churches in an insistence upon a speeding up of the transfer of responsibility to Indian Christians.

The financial difficulties of the missionary societies of the Occident, especially after 1929, have hastened the assumption by the "younger" churches of the burden of their own budgets. The second World War accelerated the trend. Many missions and churches were cut off from their constituencies in the Occident. If the "younger" churches were to survive, they had to pay their own bills. They rose to the emergency.

The deepening rootage in leadership and finances is not artificial, or a forced growth from a fevered nationalism. Missionaries have long been nourishing it. For generations they have had as an objective the transition from alien to domestic status. The indigenous leadership is increasingly able and is convincedly Christian. It arises from Christian communities thoroughly committed to their faith, and finding in that faith springs of life.

A third development in Christianity is the acceleration of the movement toward Christian unity. Increasingly, Christians the world around are being brought into conscious world-wide fellowship. This process is by no means complete. Christians have traditionally quarreled among themselves. They still do so. The historic gulfs between Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox and Protestant remain. Behind its great ecclesiastical structure, seemingly so unified, and its ties of communion, creeds and Papacy, the Roman Catholic Church suffers from national divisions, rivalries among its orders, and personal and group jealousies. The Eastern Orthodox are split into numbers of national bodies. There are several smaller Eastern churches, survivors of ancient national entities and theological disputes and still anathemetizing one another. As for Protestantism, it is by its very nature (to apply to it an apt biological term) fissiparous.

Yet since the middle of the last century a movement toward unity has been gaining momentum. Interestingly enough, although by no means confined to that branch of the faith, it has been particularly vigorous in Protestantism. The movement is taking many forms. Some are local and national, such as the Church of Christ in Japan, the South India United Church, the Church of Christ in China, the United Church of Canada, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the British Council of Churches, and the many state and city federations of churches in the United States. Several are world-wide. Among them are the World's Student Christian Federation, the World Sunday School Association, the world committees of the Young Men's Christian Associations and the Young Women's Christian Associations, the International Missionary Council, the Universal Christian Council on Life and Work, the World Conference on Faith and Order, and, arising from the last two, the World Council of Churches.

Most of these organizations are chiefly Protestant, but several of them have members from non-Protestant churches. In the Fellowship of St. Sergius and St. Albans, Anglicans and Russian Orthodox are fraternizing. In the United States the National Conference of Christians and Jews brings together, in attempts at reciprocal understanding, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Jews. Under the stress of the agonies of the war in Europe and under the common menace of the Nazi regime, Roman Catholics and Protestants more than once cooperated. In Japan the National Christian Council embraces Roman Catholics and Protestants, and in Rhodesia Roman Catholics and Protestants have fellowship in a common missionary organization.

All this does not mean that Christians are being brought together into one visible ecclesiastical structure. They are not. The vast majority of Christians are unaware of the

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movements which are afoot. The barriers which historically have separated the major communions remain. However, in an era of mounting international tensions, anarchy and wars, Christians the world around have been coming together in a more inclusive fashion than ever before.

During the second World War some manifestations of this fellowship were strengthened. For instance, through its "orphaned missions fund" the International Missionary Council gave financial assistance to missions cut off from their supporting constituencies, regardless of nationality or denomination. Missions of German personnel as well as of Nazi-occupied lands have been aided. Because of this action, so far as is known no mission undertaking has had to be abandoned through lack of funds. Through its office in Geneva, in neutral Switzerland, the World Council of Churches, still described officially as "in process of formation," served across belligerent lines, partly in behalf of prisoners of war. These instances could be multiplied.

In the fourth place, Christianity is more widely influential than at any earlier time in history. This does not mean that any nation is fully Christian. Nor is Christianity dominant. In no land is it the major force. Everywhere it is confronted by movements diametrically opposed to it. That, however, is no new experience. Always this has been true. Yet never before has the influence of Christianity been seen among so many peoples.

In Europe Christianity is still to be reckoned with, even in Russia and Germany, where it has seemed to be in eclipse. In Russia Stalin has found it expedient to come to terms with Christianity. In Germany the churches have been centers of popular resistance to Nazism. There are well-informed observers who declare that in Europe, although numerically the churches are weaker than for many centuries, as spiritual forces on that continent they are more of a factor than thirty years ago. We need to remember, too, the part that Christian idealism had in bringing to birth the League of Nations. The chief creators of the League were inspired by their Christian faith to that undertaking. Until the advent of the United Nations Organization, the League was the most daring comprehensive effort ever implemented for world order, and to some of its essential features we seem to be returning. In historic Christendom, whether in Europe, America or Australasia, Christianity is vital.

The growth of Christianity as a force has been the most spectacular in non-Occidental lands. The enormous circulation of the Bible in more than a thousand tongues is without equal in the history of literature. South of the Sahara and in the islands of the Pacific, Christian missions carry the chief burden for modern education. Gandhi, while frankly a Hindu and not a Christian, is indebted to the New Testament for reenforcement to some of his ideals. Through him, but by no means through him alone, all India is to some extent affected by Christianity. The amazing degree to which Christianity has contributed to the molding of the new China is slowly beginning to be realized. Christians were the chief pioneers in introducing Western education and have been largely responsible for the emergence of the nursing and the new medical professions. Sun Yat-sen, the guiding spirit of the Revolution, owed most of his formal education to Christian missionaries, and in his formative years his ideals were largely shaped by that faith. The unusual proportion of Christians in high government posts in today's China means that through them Christianity is making itself felt.

In this stormy age, then, in spite of grave losses and even graver challenges, Christianity has registered amazing advances. It is continuing to do so. Never, when mankind is viewed as a whole, has it been so potent.

What does this mean for the future? That only the rash would attempt to forecast. Is there not in the New Testament itself the recognition that "whether there be prophecies they shall fail"?

Yet as one looks back over the brief nineteen centuries of Christian history it seems probable that Christianity is still young. Certainly in the past three or four generations, and especially the present one, it has made greater progress toward shaping mankind as a whole than ever before. It has by no means brought mankind into full conformity

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with its ideals. Because of the nature of its standards, within the span of what we call history, mankind can never be fully Christian. Some of the chronic evils which afflict mankind have attained their most colossal dimensions in cultures longest under Christian influence. Yet never has Christianity confronted so much of mankind with its message as in the present century. Because of its world-wide extension, its wide rootage, its growing fellowship, and its present attainments, it is in better condition to face the future than in any earlier age. It is in a position such as neither it nor any other religion has ever been to mold the civilization that is to be.

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Autumn 1946

The Fifteenth Anniversary number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, under the special editorship of Irita Van Doren, will be published in October. It will be larger than the customary AMERICAN SCHOLAR, and will contain special features. Watch for further announcements.

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UNDER WHATEVER SKY

Irwin Edman

Plus Ça Change

I notice that *The Saturday Review of Literature* has inaugurated an Atomic Age department, and I find one must go into a soundproof room not to hear ours described now as the Atomic Era. I thought of these things the other day as I went through a day to all intents and purposes like any other in the age that ended, as I understand it, last August. Here we are in the fourth month of the Atomic Age, and the symptoms of life are still recognizable. Here the morning mail on the first of the month brings the usual assortment of bills, an invitation to a cocktail party and to a sponsoring committee's six assorted different causes. There is a correspondence on the editorial page concerning the use of the apostrophe. I learn during the day of the divorce of a couple whom their friends had thought to be extremely happy and well-mated. A new masterpiece of fiction is, the publisher's advertisement unmistakably assures me, published today. A well-known bishop has scourged the immorality of the age. There is speculation again in the stock markets. The night clubs have never been so crowded. The colleges are turning away students.

I do not need to be reminded that we may be living on the edge of a volcano, and be blind to the imminent eruption. I do not need to be admonished that an age may superficially appear for a while quite as it was, while a new era is actually already in process. But I cannot help noting that the first year of the Atomic Age seems curiously familiar, and I suspect human nature will still be recognizable when it has been long under way.

Concerning Necessary Luxuries

I was struck with a new awareness in a recent letter from a Dutch friend, a cultivated lady from whom I had not received word since the German occupation of Holland. She recounted succinctly the hardships of five years of terror and semi-starvation for herself, her two children, and her artist-husband, who had died almost as a direct consequence of the war. But in all this harrowing recital, what haunted me most was one passage: "We live only an hour and a half from Amsterdam, but I went to Amsterdam last week for the first time. I saw a collection of Van Gogh paintings, and heard the symphony orchestra play Beethoven. It was the first exhibition of painting, the first concert I had attended in five years. It was almost incredible that beautiful things should still be in existence in the world."

It is commonly said that the Epicurean temperament is concerned only with the present. But it is in times of crisis that we can think only of the present, which fills our consciousness like an acute ache or pain. It requires leisure to enjoy the patrimony of the past which is traditional art, or that imagined future which is the substance of the revolutionary imagination of a great creative artist. The present is, in reality, very confining and provincial. Now, in peacetime, we have the space to look to our hopes and to our heritage.

This Is Where We Came In

Do what I will, I cannot help feeling somewhat the way I did in 1919, Atomic Age or not. The same shortages, the same labor troubles, the same prospect of unemploy-

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ment, the same boom, the same promised depression. The film seems to be at the same point, but there are two new dénouements possible — international peace or international chaos. Yet it is the younger generation that will have to sit the film through, and be hurt or exalted by how it comes out. Meanwhile, we in our middle or later years will watch with anxious interest as far as our time allows us.

As We Were

One of my earliest memories is Theodore Roosevelt's campaign for simplified spelling, and only the other day George Bernard Shaw revived his propaganda for the same end. What interests me at the moment is not the virtue of the campaign, but its periodicity, and the cyclic character of other and larger ideas. There are many things to be said for a short life and a merry one, but there is this to be said for a reasonably long tenure upon earth: one lives long enough to observe ideas come full cycle. Thus, I notice in an intellectual London weekly that one of the best of critics has come out for Stevenson and pure narrative again. People are beginning to speak with respect of the John Stuart Mill kind of individualism once more. Good words are being found for the small town; Victorian furniture has become modish. Dieticians are mentioning food again as well as vitamins. It is once more being suggested that babies should be heeded when they cry. Orders are given and obeyed in progressive schools.

The moral to be drawn is not the obvious one that all ideas are simply passing fashions and none should be taken as ultimate. Recurrence does not mean futility. It is natural enough that ideas should recur at given times, and under given circumstances. Umbrellas naturally come oftener to mind in a rainy season, and we forget galoshes in July. What I am led to think of is that there are themes that never go out of fashion: death and disillusion and love and happiness. I have not noticed these come suddenly into vogue again. I seem to have heard just about the same amount about them during the boom and the depression, during the two wars and now during the anxious peace. There may be no "perennial philosophy," but there are perennial themes. And one or another of them seems to intrude itself into any climate of thought or feeling.

White Tie

There is, I suppose, a case to be made out for the formal dinner. Doubtless that ceremonial occasion has its uses. Under what other circumstances would one have the opportunity to talk for over an hour in succession with two ladies, neither of whom one has ever met before or would care, perhaps, to meet again, on subjects that only mildly interest the ladies or one's self? Where else would one have the chance to stay with a group of eminent gentlemen and listen to one of them tell "off the record" things of the utmost consequence and secrecy which one has read only that morning in the newspaper? Where else is it possible to eat more than one intended, drink more than one meant to, and spend two stuffy and stuffed hours compelled to make conversation continuously in one long dreary drowse? And at what other social occasion is one likely to have less conversation with one's host, or less real chance to know anyone well or to talk of anything either intense or profound? And where else, blessed relief, at the magic moment of eleven is one freed as if by a conjuror?

On Remembering The Athenæum

"This is fine, this will help me to understand Thackeray," said a fourteen-year-old boy, the literate son of one of my colleagues whom I had brought to lunch with me at a very nineteenth-century looking club, to which I belong. And I suddenly became homesick for the club in London where Thackeray walked and breathed, and where, on a certain step which is unfailingly pointed out to visiting members, Dickens and Thackeray became reconciled.

My friends there inform me the sherry is nearly all gone, but there are plenty of bishops in gaiters about still. I imagine Sir Cecil C —— is still there, with his reminiscences of A. E. Housman, and his wide,

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poetic cultivation and humorous charm. Although he is a political scientist by profession, it was weeks before I knew that he was anything but a man of letters. M. T. is there, too, I know, for I hear from him regularly, full of charming Tory resignation at the current state of things, and, after six years of blitz and robots and rationing, still "not grumbling." I hope the old hall porter is still there — the one who spoke slightingly of the United Services Club across the street. "No brains, sir," he said to me, "just a service club!" But that was before the war. It was the same hall porter who referred to me once in my absence as a very fine (and he paused to make a nice distinction) American gentleman.

Then there was the old London magistrate who reported having replied to the Ambassador in Berlin, who had proposed to him that he see Hitler, that he would not mind. "But there are certain things you mustn't talk to him about," said the Ambassador. "The Jews, for instance."

"But I shall," the old gentleman replied indignantly, "and if he wishes to be rude to me, he may be rude to me."

Doubtless some other old gentleman is writing furiously to *The Times*, possibly about Attlee, or the Loan, or joyfully on having heard earlier than anyone else this year some bird in Regent's Park. "Is this a museum?" a passerby once asked the hall porter standing on the steps of The Athenæum one spring day. "It is indeed, sir," said the porter. And it is indeed — a museum of some of the most charming things in England: its memories, its individuality, its wit.

Diagnosis

The doctor carefully took temperature, blood pressure, blood count, sounded the chest, scrupulously inquired concerning all possible symptoms, and with great precision explained the possible causes of the malaise. He exhibited perfectly all the requisites of the responsible, scientific medical man.

I heard him being described a few weeks later by a lady of my acquaintance. "He is an excellent doctor," she said. "He has such a lovely manner, and such nice enunciation."

Standards

A group of us were discussing the degeneration of the standards in the field of literature and the arts. Contemporary criticism, we said, for the most part had no sense of the past and therefore no proper perspective on the present. A shoddy sensation could pass for a work of at least talent, even among reputable readers and reviewers. It was particularly true, some of us added, of the theatre, where time and again our attention was called to some major work that turned out to be a most tenuous triviality. Both books and plays, somebody remarked, acquired celebrity for the most purely topical and contemporary of reasons. And in the midst of the conversation, it suddenly came to me that in the 1830's or the 1840's a group similar to our own must have been making the same complaints while a whole flock of masterpieces was appearing in literature, music and the arts. Who knows, perhaps we have been neglecting something.

Mélange of Culture

There is an attractive scheme afoot to exchange on a large scale of both students and professors among different nations of the world. It is a very happy idea, certainly, and Sudanese in Kansas and Californians in Norway studying each other's sciences and arts, and perhaps more particularly philosophies, would certainly contribute to international understanding. Perhaps part of the understanding would come from the discovery that the academic mind is, for better or worse — possibly for worse — the same all over the world. Professors cannot help getting passionately attached to their pet theories, acquired in their youth from their favorite professors. Students all over the world find the same difficulties, the same quick enthusiasms, and perhaps go through the same periods of disillusion. Probably one of the greatest values of cultural exchange would be the discovery that we are all in the same boat, and that the boat is leaking. That might be even more useful than the delightful exchange of picturesque variations in language and customs and choice of headdress or of colors.

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On Psychical Distance

"I spoke to our mutual friend T——," said my friend over the telephone in New York, "just twenty-four hours ago when I was in London." It was a thrill to have such direct word of an old friend. It was also in a curious way discouraging. There is a touching sense of sentimental distance among separated friends. Time and space seem less tragic barriers in a world where airports are at most sixty hours away from each other. It may be hard to preserve a sense of preciousness in a distant friend if he turns out to be right around the corner. But I am comforted. I reflect on friends in Boston or Philadelphia who have been planning unsuccessfully for years to take the great expedition to New York; or on how many times, without success, I have tried to get to Princeton, an hour and a half away. It is all very well about global intimacy — Korea has come to seem very near. But what a trip it remains from New York to Springfield, Massachusetts!

In the Summer Issue . . .

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM will contain a symposium on experiences overseas during the War. The contributors will be Allan B. Ecker, French Fogle, Al Hine, Debs Myers and Adie Suehsdorf.

Articles will include . . .

Emerson's Pragmatic Mood	Eduard C. Lindeman
Religion and Health	Seward Hiltner
Old Nick among His Traducers	Richard Christopherson
The Natural History of the Will	Grace R. Foster
Immortal Clay: The Literature of Sumer	Samuel Noah Kramer
The Sporting Scene: 1864	Cowl Rider

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The Revolving Bookstand

Lives of the Novelists

Harry Levin

The Life of the Heart: George Sand and her Times, by Frances Winwar, New York. Harper and Brothers, 1945. $3.00. 312 pages.
The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray, edited by Gordon N. Ray, Cambridge. Harvard University Press, 1945. Volumes I and II (1817–1851). $12.50. clxxiii + 522 + 853 pages.
The Trolloves: The Chronicle of a Writing Family, by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins, New York. Columbia University Press, 1945. $4.00. 394 pages.
Charlotte and Emily: The Brontës, by Laura L. Hinkley, New York. Hastings House, 1945. $3.50. 376 pages.
Tolstoy and his Wife, by Tikhon Polner. Translated by Nicholas Wreden, New York. W. W. Norton and Company, 1945. $2.75. 222 pages.
The Crack-up, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Edmund Wilson, New York. New Directions, 1945. $3.50. 347 pages.
Freudianism and the Literary Mind, by Frederick J. Hoffman, Baton Rouge. Louisiana State University Press, 1945. $4.00. 346 pages.

Any resemblance between fact and fiction is more than coincidental. The line, of course, must be drawn somewhere. Book stores and libraries make a rough distinction which, by classifying all other books under the heading of "non-fiction," acknowledges the supremacy of the novel. Yet the novel depends increasingly upon factual documentation: upon history, sociology, biography or autobiography. The novelist is no longer a romantic, except in a purely etymological sense; yet he inherits the romantic tendency to live his writing and write his life. Hence the critic must be something of a biographer. And, while recent biographers are still disentangling "the Shelley legend," current novelists can still take Byron for their hero. Browning, whose dramatic ambitions were unrealized during his lifetime, has today become a popular figure of stage and screen. Our own writers, more often than not, are their own heroes; those of the past are more read about than read; the autobiographical novel meets its inverted image in the *vie romancée*.

As contemporaries of Miss Kathleen Winsor and Miss Nancy Bruff and their respective photographers and press agents, we may look back a little wistfully toward the period when lady-novelists were obliged to conceal their names. Scott, though he chronicled the *Lives of the Novelists*, kept a heavy curtain of anonymity between his private life as the Laird of Abbotsford and his literary activities as the author of *Waverley*. Flaubert, at the other extreme, believed that the man was nothing, the work everything. But Flaubert's letters, perhaps greater than his novels, are the revelation of a great personality; while Lockhart's *Life*, tactfully spanning the cross-purposes of Scott's career, completes the *Waverley* sequence. No mode of expression is more closely individualized than the novel, more organically rooted in particular experience, more revealingly illuminated by biography. To the shelf where fiction and fact thus come together, the year has brought

© HARRY LEVIN, associate professor of English, Harvard University, is the author of several books, among them one on James Joyce. His critical study of Stendhal is the current number of the *Pharos* series.

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some noteworthy additions, some important new documents, and some lively popularizations.

In the last category, at the chronological outset, comes the latest biography of George Sand, whose novels are not often read any more and whose life was — according to the latest biographer — "her best novel." Certainly it is easy to romanticize her, to identify her with her heroines, and even to call her "Lélia, destroyer of men." But Aurore Dudevant, the very model of the *femme incomprise*, was by no means a *femme fatale*. The attitude that characterized her love affairs seems maternal rather than sexual. Later she was to find understanding on an intellectual plane; with Flaubert her relations were far more rewarding than with Musset and Chopin; and she found her characteristic theme in socialism. The present volume dwells upon her salad days and hastens over her matriarchal years. It is smoothly written and adequately documented, but the emphasis is misleading — leading, one suspects, in the ultimate direction of Hollywood. If George Sand's life was really a novel, it was more like *Consuélo* and less like *All This and Heaven Too*.

It may have been a distaste for such intimate disclosures that prompted Thackeray's unwillingness to become the subject of a biography. Now, a hundred years after the composition of *Vanity Fair*, the gap left by his expressed wishes is being filled by his own words, embellished with his inimitable sketches. Two massive volumes, handsomely printed and resourcefully edited, are soon to be followed by two more. The candid story they tell thus far involves warm friendships and angry estrangements, student days and gambling debts, the insanity of his wife and the companionship of his "*beau idéal*," Mrs. Brookfield. Thackeray complained, in the preface to *Pendennis*, that no English writer since Fielding had been allowed to portray a man. The self-portrait here revealed, a thoroughly masculine figure, graphically clarifies our conception of the perennial clubman who preferred eighteenth-century worldliness to Victorian domesticity, the diner-out who was never quite at home in those feminine circles where his rival Dickens held sway.

"It always seems as if I was writing for the world & not for myself," Thackeray notes in his diary. In his letters, as in his novels, he plays the man of the world, with all the charm, the wit, and — it must be said — the superficiality of the role. At Weimar he is less

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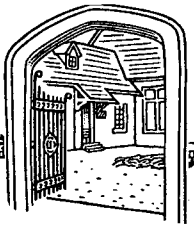

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interested in "old Goethe," the lion of the place, than in ordering a new court uniform. The Parthenon, he observes, is "the colour of Stilton cheese." His gossipy account of young Hallam's funeral adds an ironic footnote to Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Though Thackeray's acquaintance was wide, his contact with the profounder minds of his day was rather casual. To Newman he merely exemplified his own favorite text about vanity. Carlyle, who knew him better, sensed the desperation beneath the frivolity. There must have been many moments, like the one we glimpse in a letter to his friend Brookfield, when Thackeray was ready to admit how grimly he strove for "pleasantry and easy lightness."

At all events, his novels have not weathered so well as Trollope's. To juxtapose them is to repeat the fable of the grasshopper and the ant. Among the literary by-products of his hard-working, hard-riding career, the latter left *An Autobiography*: a masterpiece of English understatement, which deals brusquely with personal matters and must be read between the lines. This can now be supplemented by a well-rounded family chronicle. The comfort and well-being of Trollope's work can be paradoxically traced to an early background of radicalism and insecurity. The "imaginary county" of Barsetshire was his compensation for the American utopias that disappointed his indefatigable mother, for the unfinished *Encyclopedia Ecclesiastica* that preoccupied his ineffectual father, for the attractions that Italy held for his elder brother. In the harsh light of *The Way We Live Now* it soon becomes an anachronism. A mirage of solidity, it appeals more than ever to the reading public of our nostalgic age.

Curiosity has pried much farther into another family of novelists. Romance, so conspicuously absent from their lives, so omnipresent in their works, has ended by enshrouding the Brontës. Despite the shortness of their story, the uneventfulness of the plot and the bleakness of the setting, it has been endlessly retold. This interpretation tries, chattily and sensibly, to show the relationship between the fictitious and the factual. Possibly it is rather too literal in its effort to discover a prototype for Heathcliff, or its conjecture that Emily wrote a second novel about her brother's death. So deeply meditated a book as *Wuthering Heights*, or even *Jane Eyre*, will never be fully explained by "the torpid retirement where" — as Char-

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lotte said — "we live like dormice." The imaginative process that could turn a Yorkshire nursery into the islands of the Gondals, or conjure up the kingdom of Angria out of a box of toy soldiers, will continue to beckon and elude biographers.

From Haworth parsonage to Yasnaya Polyana is not, as the eagle flies, an immeasurable distance. The equally painful story of Tolstoy's retirement, however, of the great refusal that separates his literary and worldly interests from his religious and social convictions, is far more complicated and long-drawn-out. As a realist he saw what was wrong with the world; as an idealist he longed to set things right. The problem was to impose his high ideals upon the stubborn realities of his existence. Now a saint who has thirteen children, a large estate, a retinue of serfs, and a swarm of disciples, is in as false a position as the camel who tries to pass through a needle's eye. Tolstoy attempted, in short, to imitate Christ, and succeeded — as Bernard Shaw has remarked — in imitating Don Quixote. But Cervantes' hero was provided with an escort who admonished him in the name of common sense. The irony of Tolstoy's life was to have this ungrateful function performed by the woman he loved.

The situation in outline is not without comic overtones; but the actual tensions are as harrowing as anything human relations can produce; for here the victim of common sense was genius. Tikhon Polner, who knew both Tolstoy and his wife, preserves a sympathetic balance between them. As a liberal Russian emigré, who prefers the realistic novelist to the idealistic reformer, Polner may slightly exaggerate the domestic conflict and minimize the political pressure. But, whatever the sources of this attrition, its effects are seen in Tolstoy's novels: compare the idyllic engagement of Levin and Kitty in *Anna Karenina* with the morbid treatment of marriage in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Art, never far from reality for Tolstoy, was overtaken by it in the end: like Anna Karenina, he died in a railway station — while, like the heirs of Count Bezuhov in *War and Peace*, various factions quarreled over his legacy. Life itself is so full of tragic abysses that literature can only begin to fathom them.

The quixotic confusion between literature and life has been particularly evident as writers of the 'twenties have come up for critical revaluation. Proust has been blamed for the collapse of France, and Scott Fitz-

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gerald has been connected with all the excesses of the decade between the May Day riots of 1919 and the October crisis of 1929. Only very recently, with the publication of Fitzgerald's *Nachlass*, have we learned to regard him as a conscious artist and a conscientious social critic. These notebooks, letters, essays, "Echoes of the Jazz Age," collected by the man he called his "intellectual conscience," give a notably honest and consistent self-appraisal. Fitzgerald knew that the writer must oscillate between attachment to and detachment from his subject matter, that in his own case the identification had become too close, that he had all too literally immersed himself in the destructive element. His crack-up coincided with the breakdown of those values which he satirized but never quite relinquished.

Writing with "the authority of failure," he realized that his early success had lent an easy glamor to life, which could best be reckoned by menus, parties, hotels, auctions, and — to use a Jamesian term — "things." True, he had failed to star in Princeton athletics, or to get overseas during the first World War; but his "childish waking dreams of imaginary heroism" were ultimately embodied in his heroes, with all of whom he professed a brotherly kinship. As for his heroines, they are all the same girl, whom he lost because he was not rich enough and won again when he hit the jackpot. His "primary objects of love and money" are thenceforth linked in ambivalent splendor and misery. With Gertrude Stein's remark that *The Great Gatsby* is the achievement of a contemporary Thackeray, our wheel comes full circle. The playboy of our own times has much in common with the dandy who wrote *The Book of Snobs* and signed it "By One of Themselves."

Can we go farther, *mutatis mutandis*, and discern any common denominator functioning in the half-dozen cases before us? Obviously the novel would not be so varied a form if it did not draw upon such a wide variety of experience. But how, precisely, does the novelist utilize this raw material? Nineteenth-century critics like Sainte-Beuve, adopting the biographical approach, related private lives to published works. Twentieth-century critics like Edmund Wilson, by pushing the analysis through biography to psychology, endeavor to penetrate the writer's mind. Criticism still lacks an anatomy of the imagination; but the Freudian school of psychologists, by studying the processes of unconscious motivation, the results of child-

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hood conditioning, the associations of memory, the symbolism of dreams, and the parallel between subjective fantasies and primitive myths, have devised a helpful — if still precarious — kind of operative technique. A study which undertakes to discuss in some detail the impact of Freudianism upon modern novelists is therefore bound to raise our expectations.

Mr. Hoffman disappoints us by putting this problem, so far-reaching in its cultural implications, on the rather tenuous basis of literary influence. Psychoanalysis, insofar as it concerns him, is not so much a method as a doctrine, and not so much a doctrine as a terminology. In pointing out the abuse of terms, and correcting vulgar misconceptions, he is amusing and instructive; but his efforts to deal with more complex and serious writers, starting from vague definitions, reach negative conclusions. His criteria are best satisfied by such doctrinaires as Waldo Frank. They are inadequate for dealing with such Freudian fellow-travelers as Thomas Mann. Though he recognizes Dostoevsky as a forerunner, Mr. Hoffman begs the larger question: a question not of the origin and transference of certain labels, but of the convergence and validity of certain ideas. With no special training in psychoanalytic procedure, and a reading knowledge largely derived from translations and secondary books, he does not always avoid the pitfalls against which he warns us.

Freud's formulations would be of dubious value, after all, unless they confirmed and systematized the insights, responses and patterns of behavior that other observers have independently recorded. Probably the amplest record of such observations has been the novel, which in turn has been subject to the constant verification of its readers. The novelist, in no merely nominal sense, has been a psychologist. Since he has not operated in the laboratory, but under far more variable circumstances, biography is the control whereby we measure his work. And psychology becomes, for the critic, the mean between fact and fiction. Loosely we say, with the cardinal example of Balzac in mind, that the imaginative writer creates a world of his own. The intensity of creative effort ranges from the Brontës at one extreme to Trollope at the other. The real world, perhaps, is too much with Fitzgerald and Thackeray; they mirror its surfaces and caricature its absurdities. For George Sand, as finally for Tolstoy, the world of fiction helps to better the world of fact.

"There never was a good biography of a novelist. There couldn't be. He is too many people, if he's any good." This dictum of Fitzgerald's is cavalierly unfair to the volumes we have been considering, all of which are competent and readable, some of which are destined to be standard. But the point is incontrovertible; for novelists are chameleons who cannot afford to stay in character long enough to give their biographers very much opportunity. Remember Boswell's monolithic Johnson, and then try to remember Forster's elusive Dickens. What biographical version could vie with Dickens' fictional evocation of his experiences in the blacking factory or the Marshalsea? If truth is stranger than fiction, poetry is truer than history. The data at the biographer's disposal, *mémoires pour servir*, fragments of the dismembered novelist, cannot rival the consummated artistic intention, "the figure in the carpet." Chaos, however, is the precondition of cosmos, and the lives of the novelists send us back with renewed appreciation to their works.

In the Summer Issue . . .

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND

will present Morton D. Zabel as guest reviewer.

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OUR READERS COMMENT

The Future of Religion

To the Editor: May a new subscriber presume to point out that the forum on the Future of Religion would be rounded out if it had included an article that appeared in the preceding forum on the Future of Regional Planning?

That article is "The Scientific Method in Human Affairs" by Walter Rautenstrauch. It makes a fine companion for Sidney Hook's article on "The Autonomy of Democratic Faith." Taken together these contributions reduce the reactionary articles of Raphael Demos and Paul Tillich to rubble.

Professor Tillich finds the immediate future of religion in the reappearance of mysticism and in liturgical reforms in both Protestant and Catholic branches of Christianity, *in the longing of man for the eternal.* (Italics mine.)

The question arises: how much of a future has religion along these lines? It has a long future no doubt. Stonehenge and Salisbury Cathedral are neighbors, mentally as well as geographically. The bloody sacrifice of Stonehenge has in four thousand years become the eucharist in Salisbury, eight or ten miles away. What is the social value of either ceremony? Is it social good or social vice?

Professor Demos is more specific and more polemic. He addresses himself to a definite problem, how to control human nature. This problem is restated variously: "How to lure the individual to the good," and "There are the human sentiments which must be 'civilized,' too."

The back of his hand to science, but what is his alternative?

Christianity, of course. Christianity, however, not in its purest form. He has nothing whatever to say of the ethical teachings of Jesus, the only part of Christianity worth preserving. Instead he lists the sacraments of baptism and the eucharist and the doctrines of the incarnation and the resurrection.

Of all the great religions Christianity has taken over and assimilated and incorporated the most superstitions. Jesus and his followers held these secondary to his ethical insights, but in the next four hundred years their successors borrowed, stole or salvaged an odd assortment of ideas and practices that Jesus never heard of. The theology of Christendom is built from the scrap piles of Babylon, Egypt, Persia, Syria and India. Here are the working parts as Professor Demos sees them.

The proper way to lure the individual to the good is to convict him of sin, bring him to confess his guilt, induce him to repent and pronounce him "saved." Shades of Billy Sunday!

GORDON KENT
Golden, Colorado

Thirty Years of Publication

To the Editor: We beg to send you herewith a note in connection with the *Smith College Studies in History*, which have this year completed their thirtieth year of continuous publication. In view of this fact, we shall be grateful for your printing the enclosed note, if you think it of interest to some of your readers:

> The *Smith College Studies in History* have completed (by the end of 1945) thirty years of continuous publication. During that period they have published 55 books and monographs. Twenty-one of them concerned American general, social and cultural history; ten, the social and economic development of the Connecticut Valley; four, United States foreign relations and diplomatic history; seven, English history (mediaeval and modern); and eleven, European history (one ancient, two mediaeval, five Renaissance and early modern period, three Europe since the French Revolution). Of the two remaining *Studies* one, by Harold J. Laski, dealt with "The problem of administration areas," and the other with the history of the Smith College department of history and government from 1875 to 1920.
>
> Special emphasis was given to "regional" history. The first volume of the *Studies* was an "Introduction of the history of Connecticut as a manufacturing State," and during the last years the results of the research of the Connecticut Valley Council of Industrial Studies have been published in the *Studies*. But from the beginning the *Studies* intended to cover as wide a field in historical scholarship as possible. The second year of publication started with Sidney B. Fay's "The Hohenzollern household and administration in the sixteenth century," and before long, monographs as varied as William D. Gray's "Study of the life of Hadrian prior to his accession" and Elizabeth A. Foster's "Le dernier séjour de J. J. Rousseau à Paris 1770–1778" appeared under the imprint of the *Smith College Studies*. As to the fields covered, the following *Studies* may give a sufficient suggestion: Marcus Hansen, "German schemes of colonization before 1860"; J. Fred Rippy, "The historical background of the American policy

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of isolation"; Merle Curti, "Bryan and world peace"; Eunice M. Shuster, "Native American anarchism"; Sidney R. Packard, "Records of the Norman exchequer, 1199–1204"; Vera L. Brown, "Studies in the history of Spain in the second half of the 18th century"; Florence A. Gragg and Leona C. Gabel, "The Commentaries of Pius II"; L. S. Stavrianos, "Balkan Federation."

The *Smith College Studies in History* aim primarily to afford a medium for publication by present and former members of the Smith College faculty and by former students of the College. Contributors are invited to communicate with Professor Hans Kohn, Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Complete lists of the fifty-five works so far published will be sent upon request by the Smith College Library, Northampton, Mass. Orders for copies or requests for exchange should also be addressed to the Smith College Library.

HANS KOHN
Dept. of History, Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

The Tenth Critic

To the Editor: Max I. Baym's paper, "Henry Adams and the Critics," challenges the views of eight critics (nine if Henry Adams himself is counted), but fails to mention the most decisive and explicitly supported judgment of his failure, Chapters IV and VI of Robert Shafer's *Progress and Science* (1923). Since Mr. Baym has a book in progress on Henry Adams' orientation in philosophy and science, Shafer's analysis of Henry Adams' failure is peculiarly relevant for Mr. Baym's work and he should not neglect it.

Shafer contends that Henry Adams tried to develop and prove by the concrete example of his own experience a theory of history which would be in complete accord with the conclusions of modern science: the progressive degradation of vital energy — "chaos is the law of nature." Henry Adams grew up in the shadow of his grandfather's ideas and verified them in his own experience with a "grieved astonishment" at the later consequences of scientific advance.

Science managed — though not without a struggle — to secure his complete allegiance by getting him to deny his consciousness, his reason, and his individuality. As he put it, "Though science should prove twenty times over, by every method of demonstration known to it, that man is a thermodynamic mechanism, instinct would reject the proof, and whenever it should be convinced, it would have to die." Henry Adams was still examining that scientific proof when illness and death put an end to his work.

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Baym's paper is a reproof to ten critics (if we include Shafer) for not recognizing Adams' success and suggests believing that Adams was nurtured on the romantic personality image of Werther — a heritage from Henry's grandfather, since John Quincy Adams had a copy of Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther* and had made his own translation.

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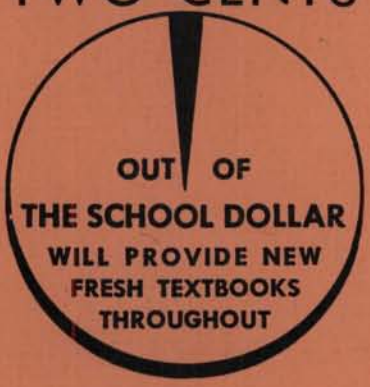

Medical Uses of Atomic Energy is the title of an article in the January *Atlantic Monthly* by Professor Robley D. Evans of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This institution was prominent in the development of atomic energy and the discovery of the atomic bomb.

Dr. Evans' article shows that through medical advances alone atomic energy has already saved more lives than were snuffed out by the bombs.

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